



NATIONAL



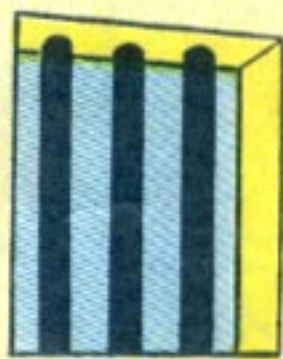
DECEMBER
No. 69

COMICS

10^c

STILL 52 PAGES

The **BARKER**
meets
PERCY,
The Powerful!



GORILLA



-Gill Fox-



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN

GIVEN

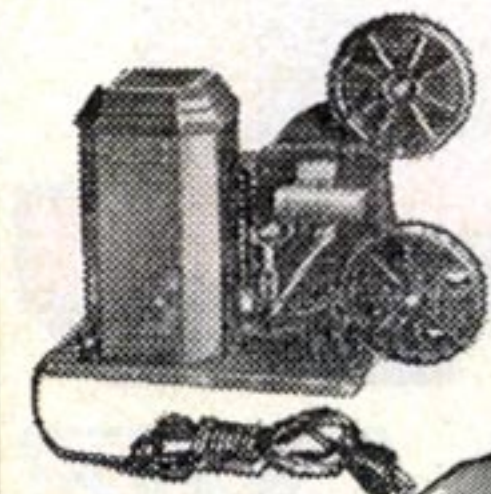
53rd YEAR

BE FIRST

ACT NOW

ACT NOW

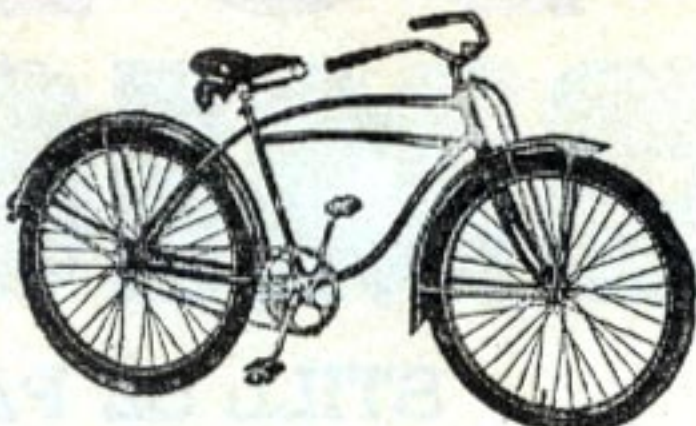
PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION



We Trust You

Boys Girls

MAIL COUPON



Ladies Men

BE FIRST WE ARE RELIABLE

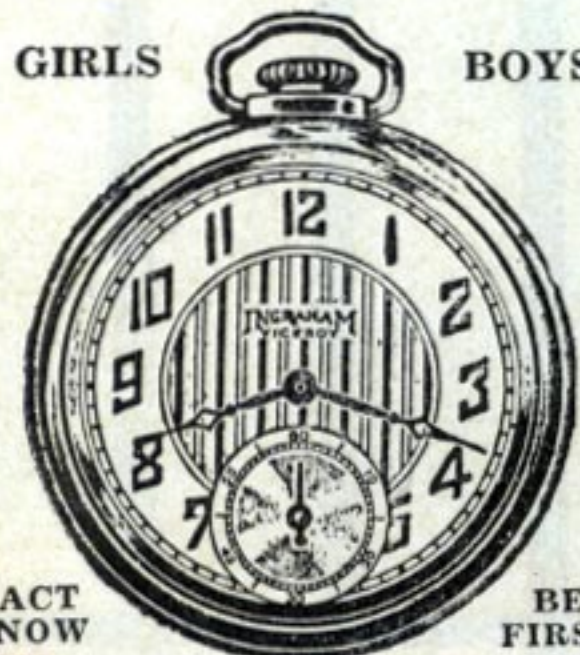


No Money Now

Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, 1000 Shot Repeater Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Regulation Footballs, Excel Movie Projectors (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls latest model Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon for starting order. **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 108-A, TYRONE, PA.**

GIVEN PREMIUMS or CASH

GIRLS BOYS



ACT NOW

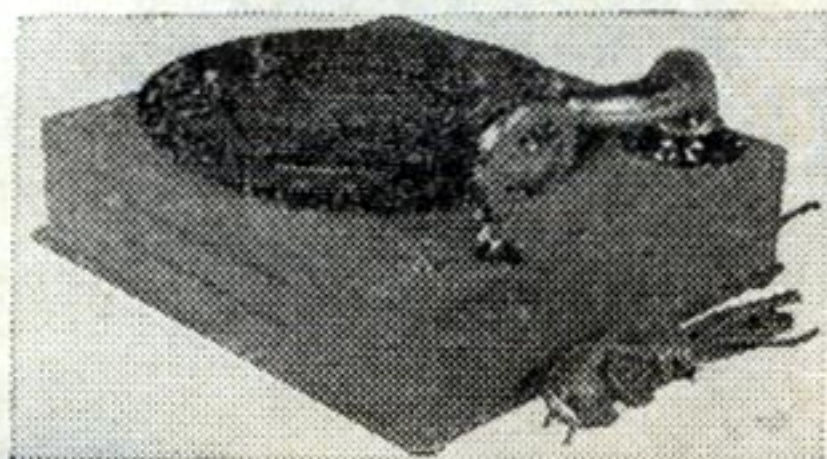
BE FIRST

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Be first. We are reliable. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 103-B, Tyrone, Pa.**



PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

School Boxes, Excellent tone Electric Record Players, 4 Tube Superheterodyne Radios, Telescopes, Cameras (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Our 53rd year. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon for starting order sent postage paid by us. We trust you. **WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 108-C, TYRONE, PA.**



PREMIUMS OR CASH GIVEN

Girls Ladies Boys Men



No Money Now

ACT NOW!

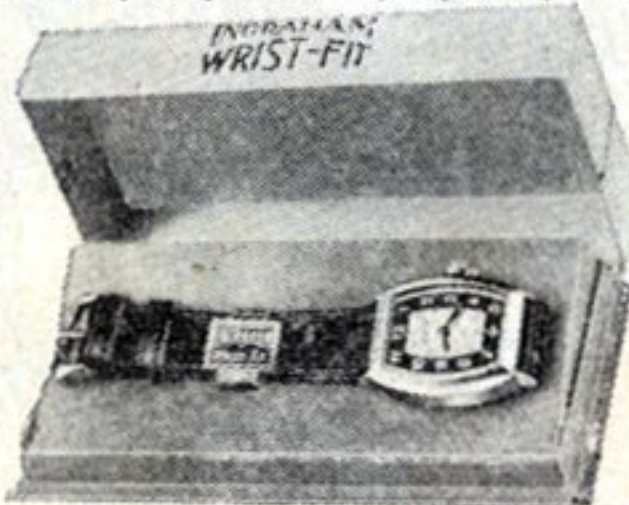
Latest design Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Rifles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid to start. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-E, Tyrone, Pa.**

PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

GIRLS-BOYS-LADIES-MEN — Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15 inches in height, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit per catalog sent with starting order. Be first. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-D, Tyrone, Pa.**

ACT NOW

NO MONEY NOW



Mail Coupon Today

WILSON CHEM CO., Dept. 108, TYRONE, PA. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial, twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

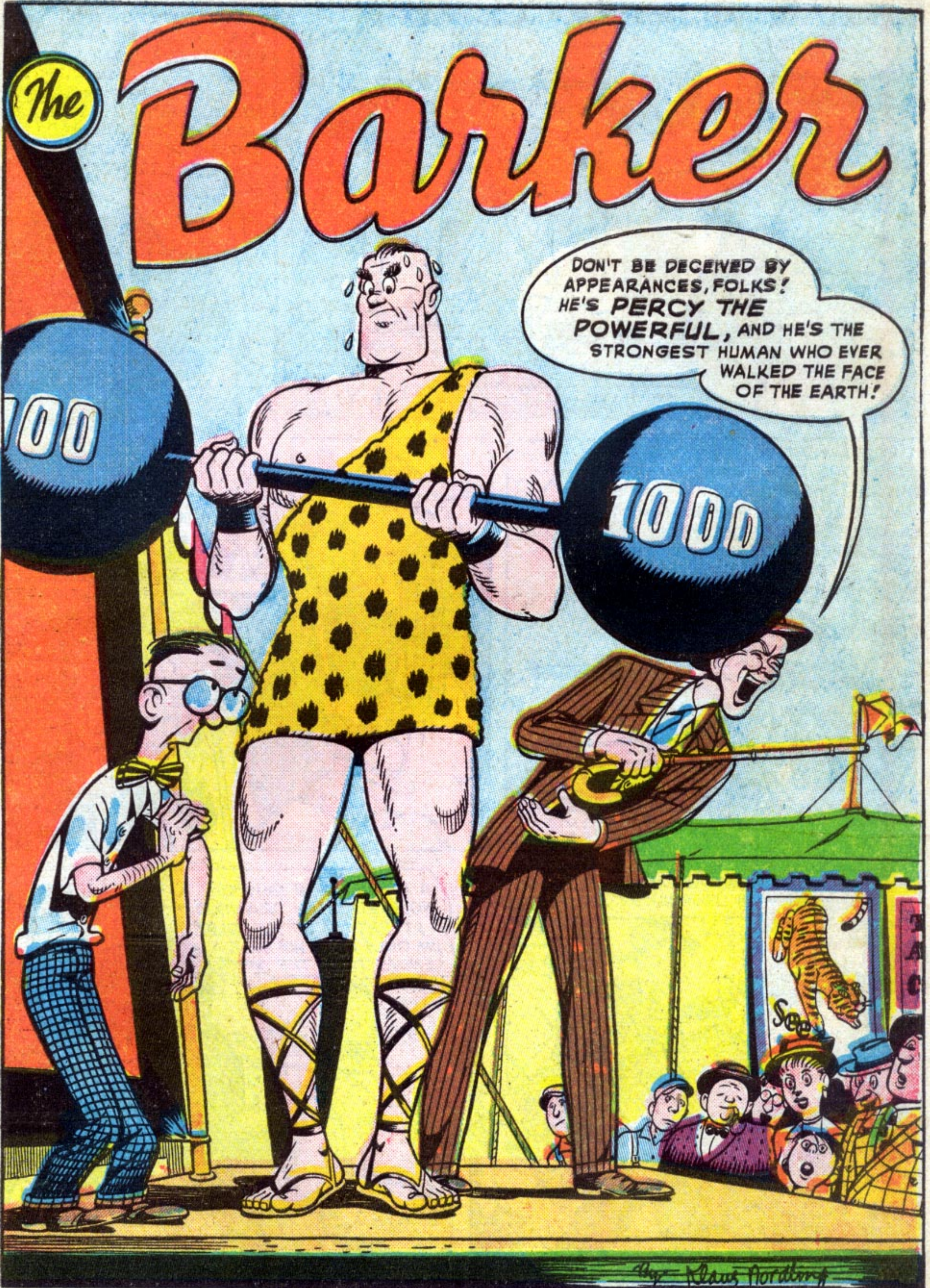
NAME AGE

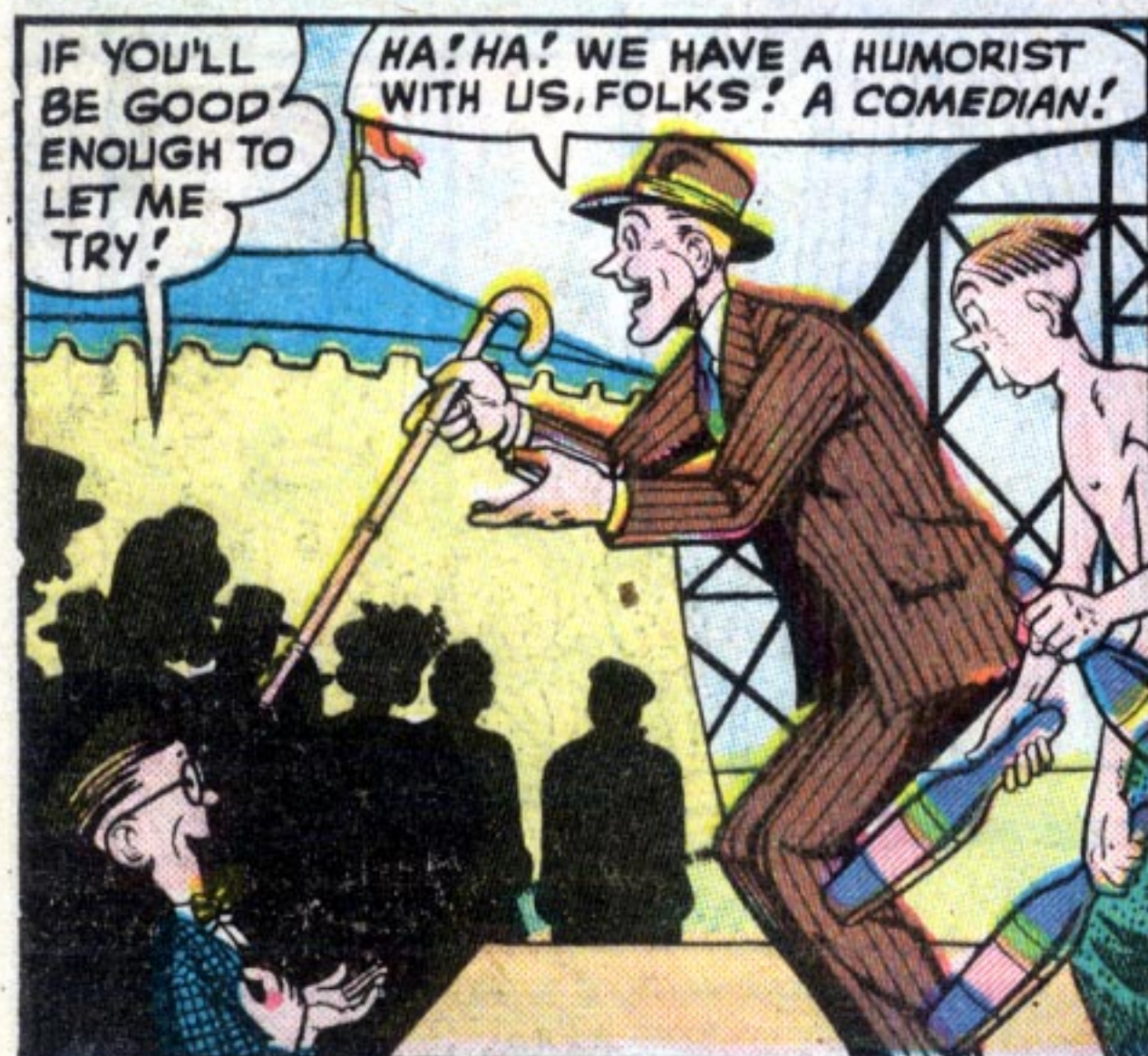
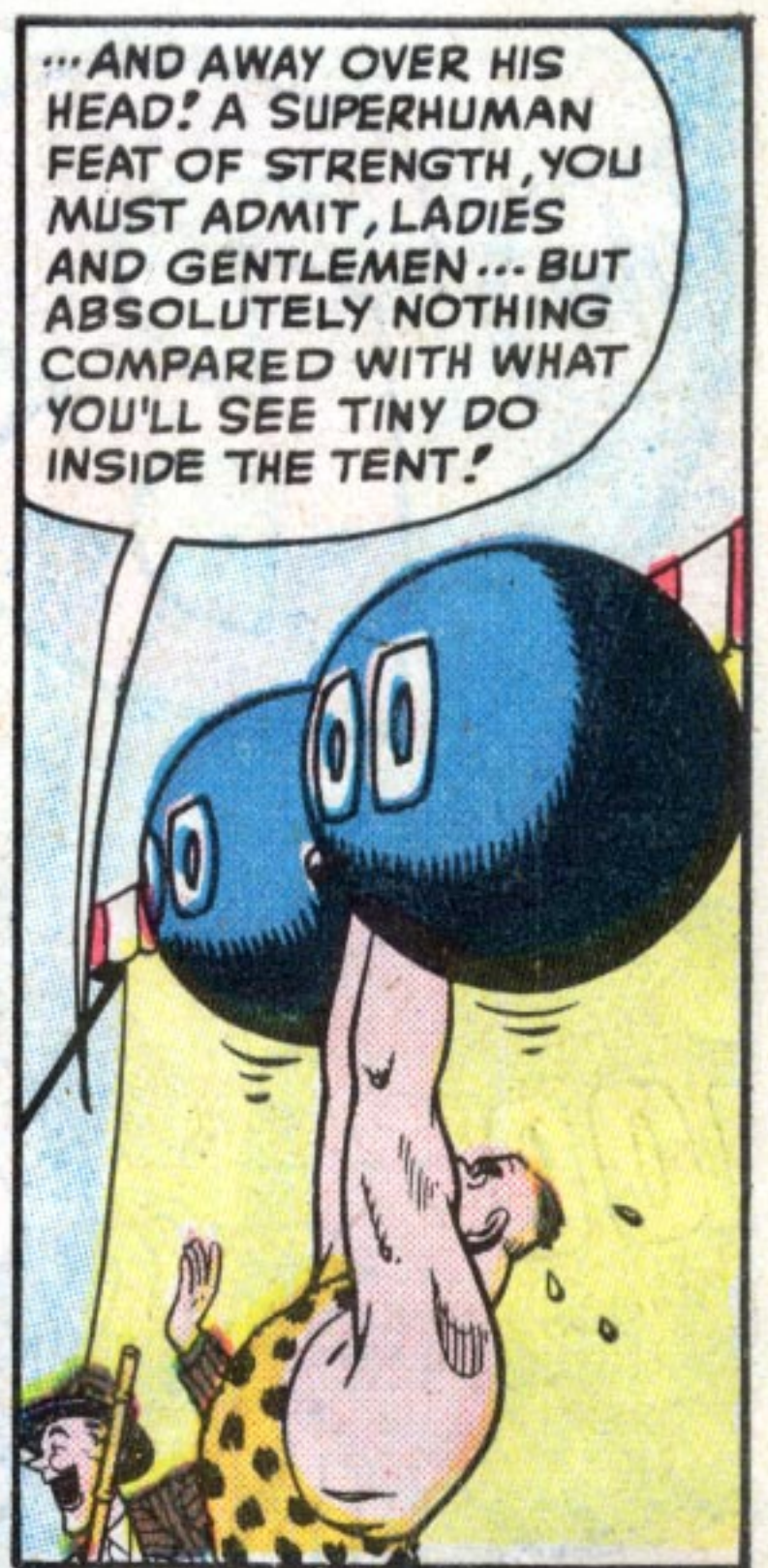
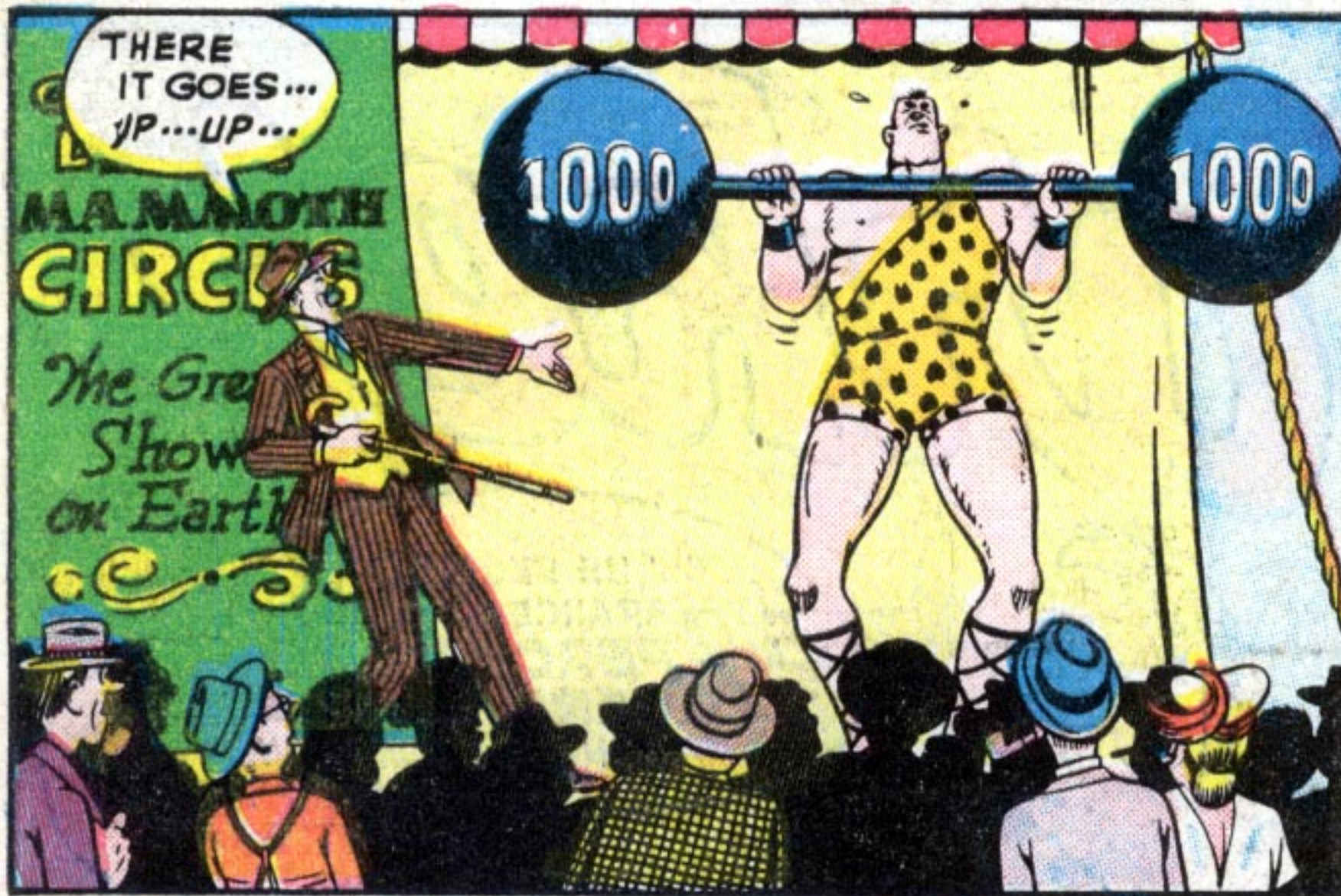
ST. R.D. BOX.....

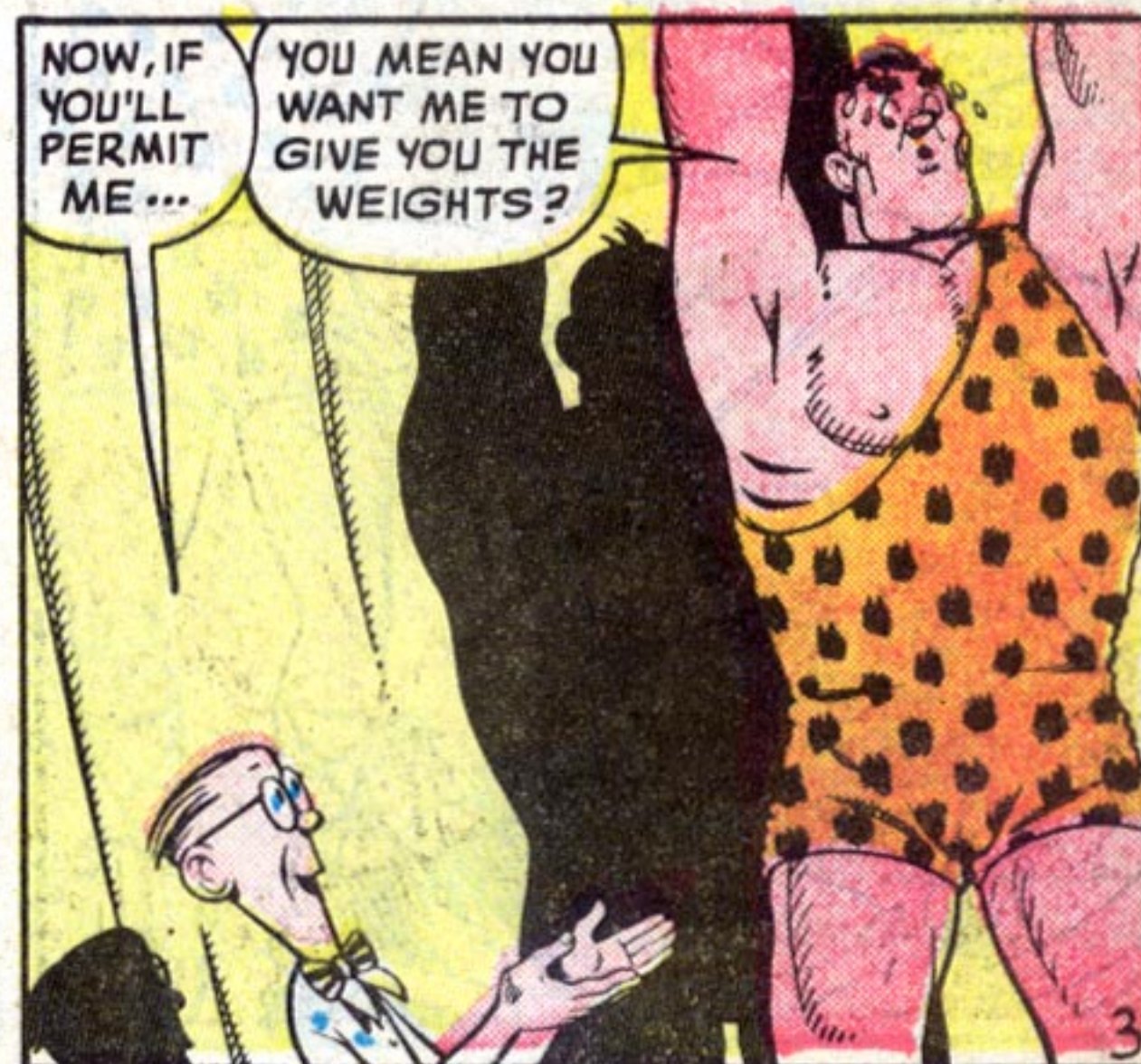
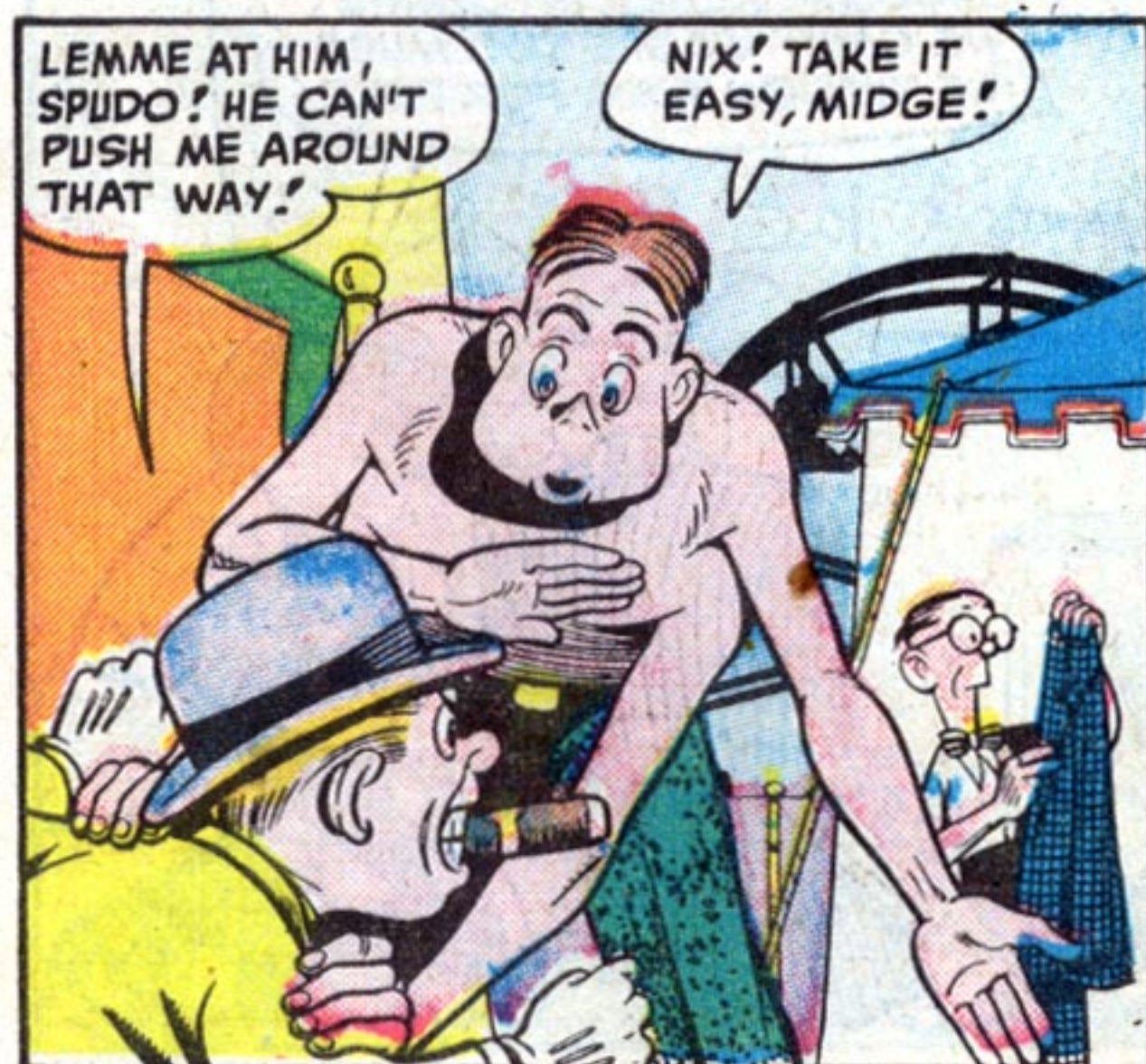
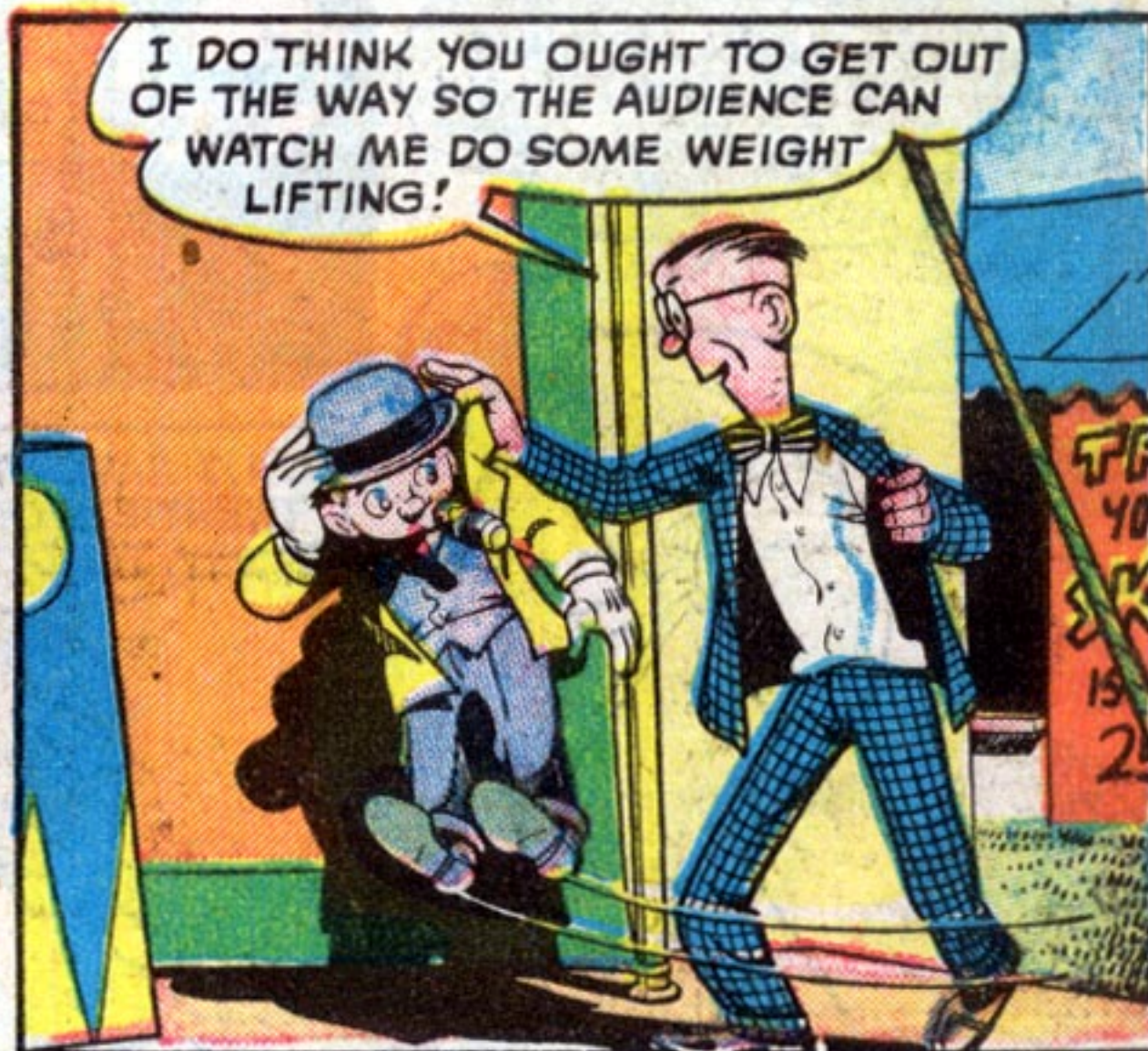
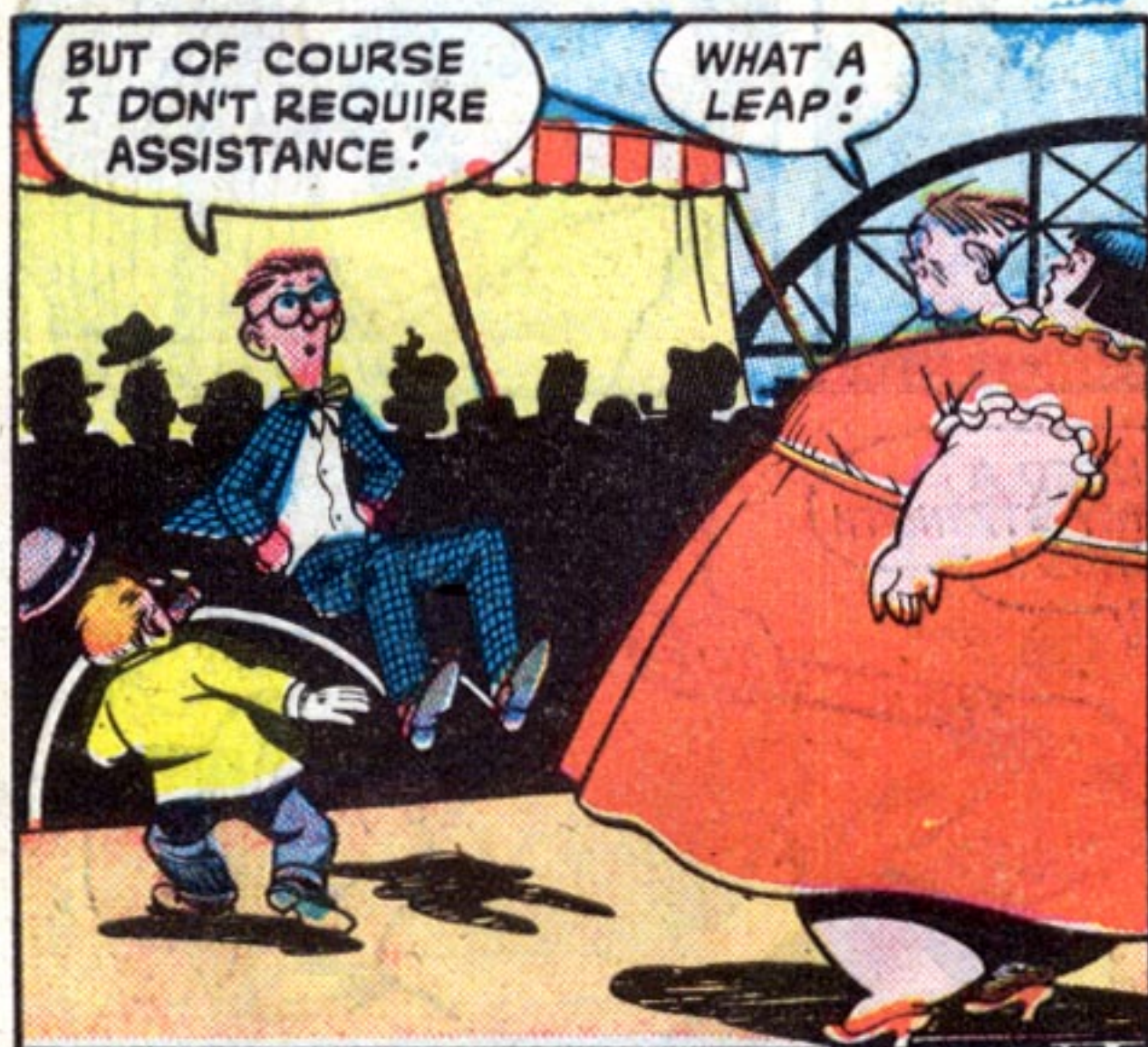
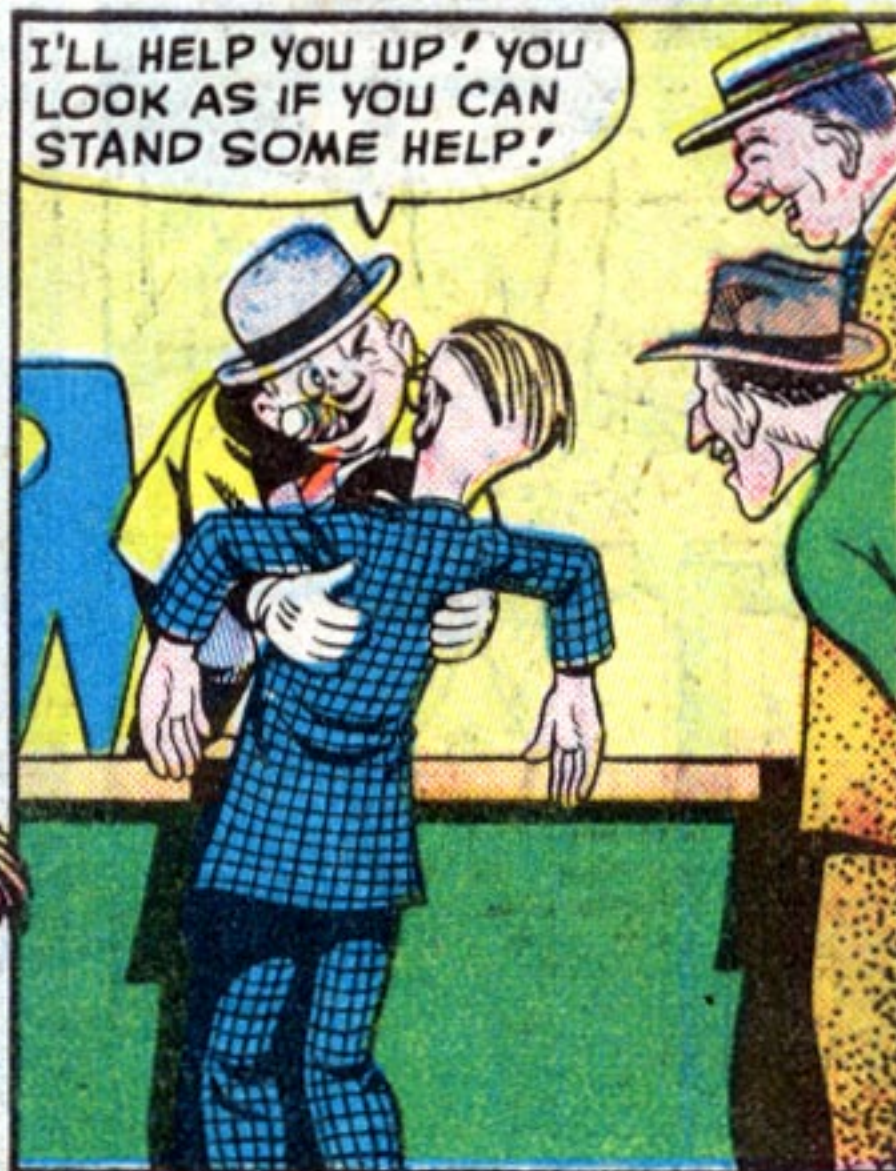
TOWN ZONE No. STATE.....

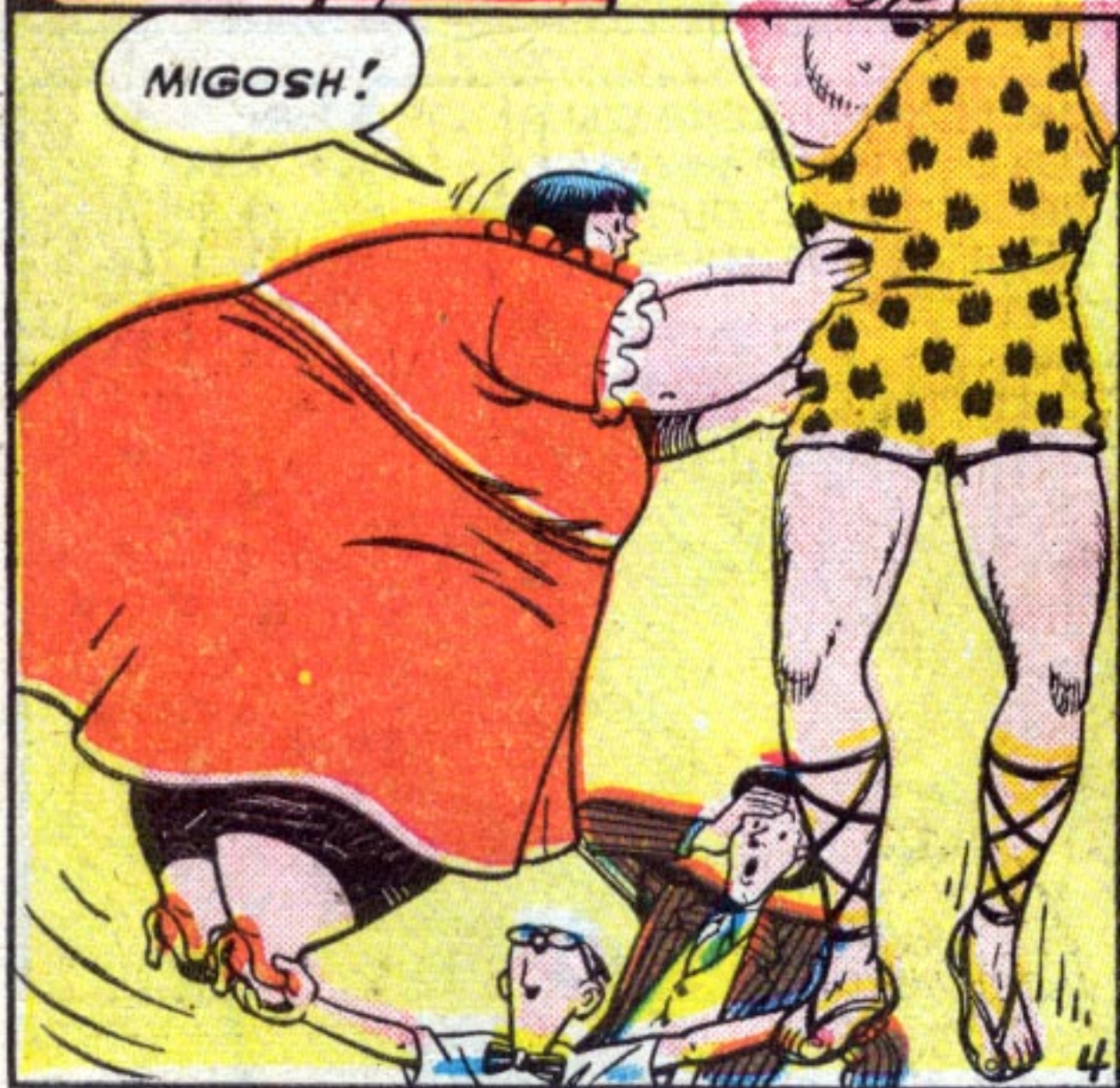
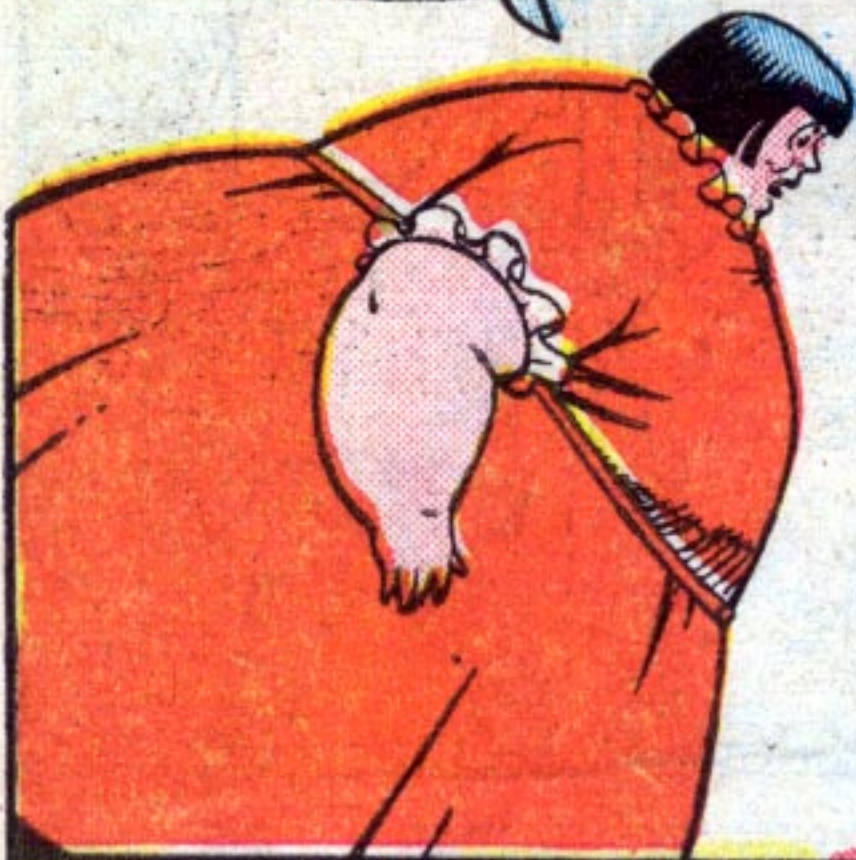
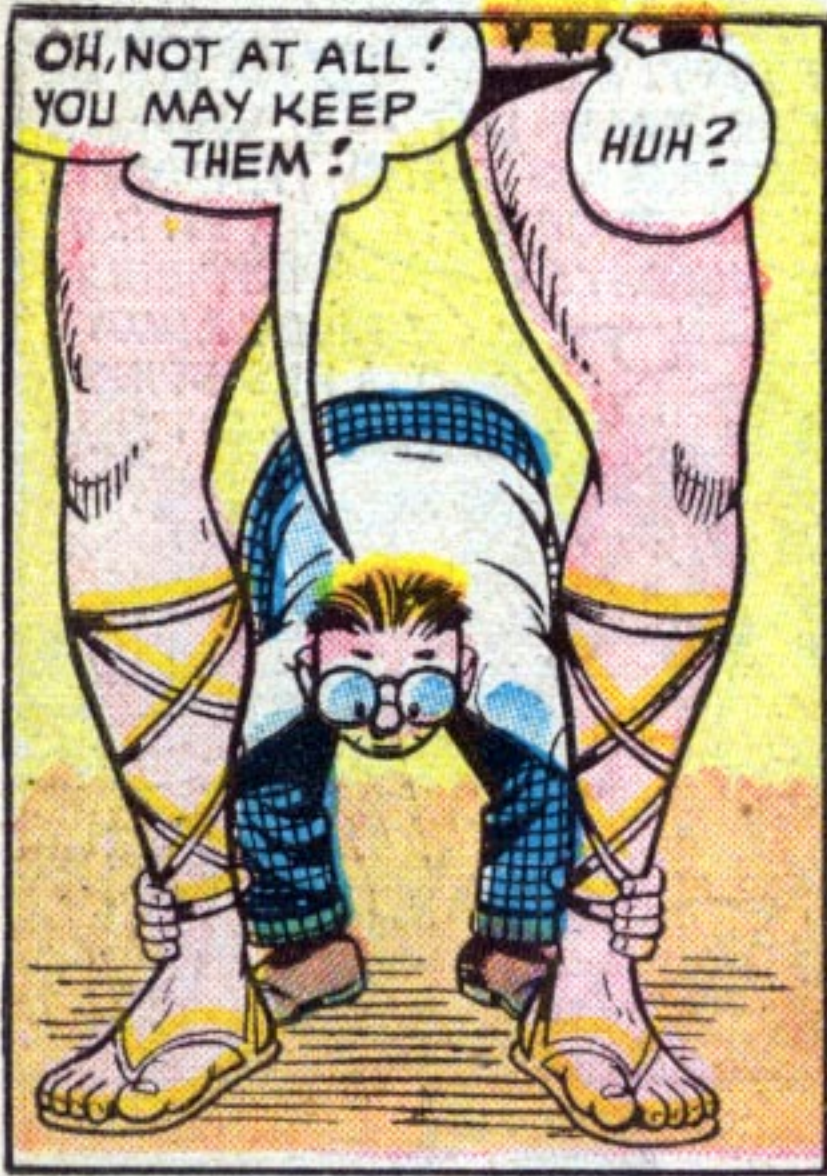
Print LAST Name Here

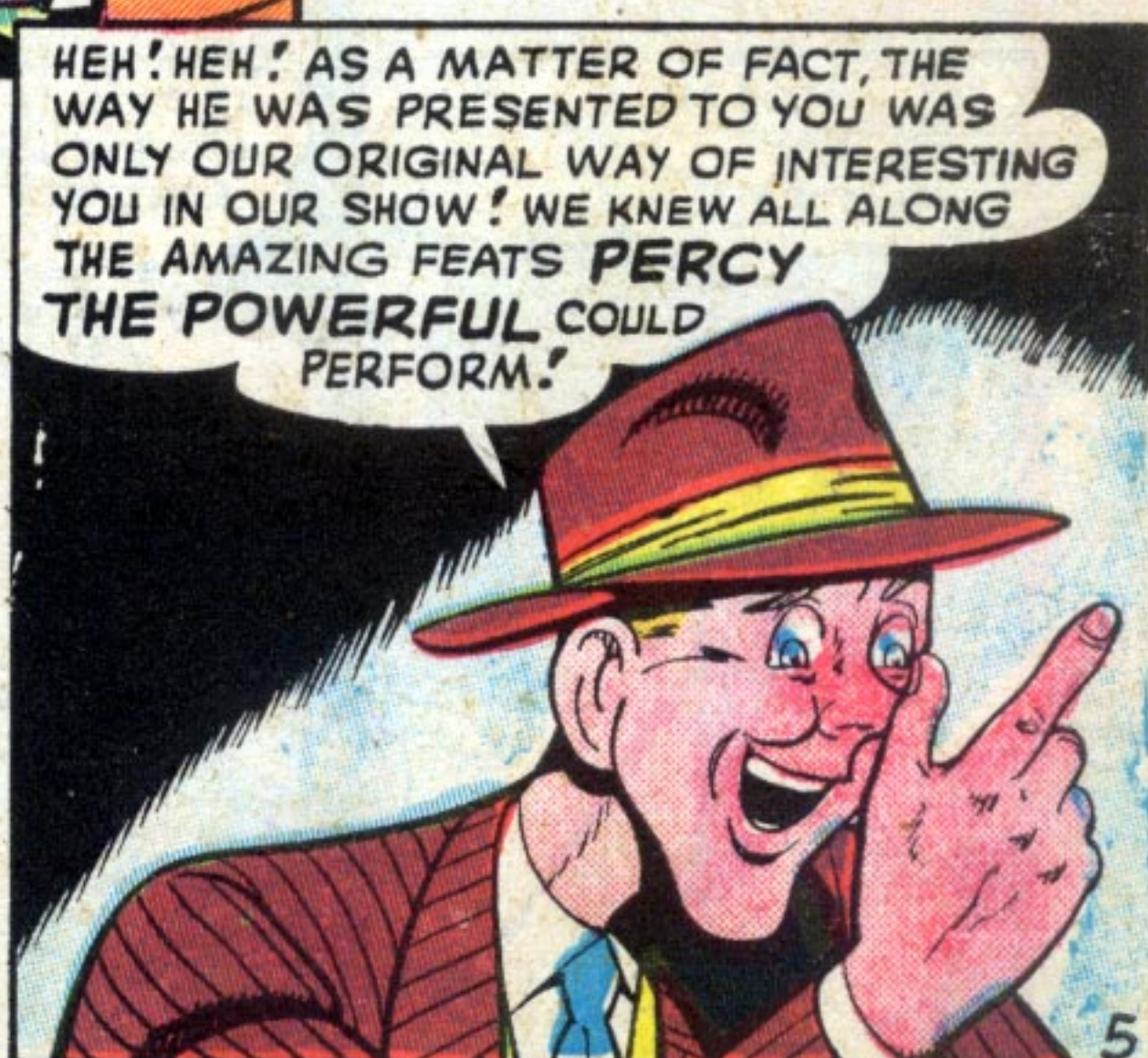
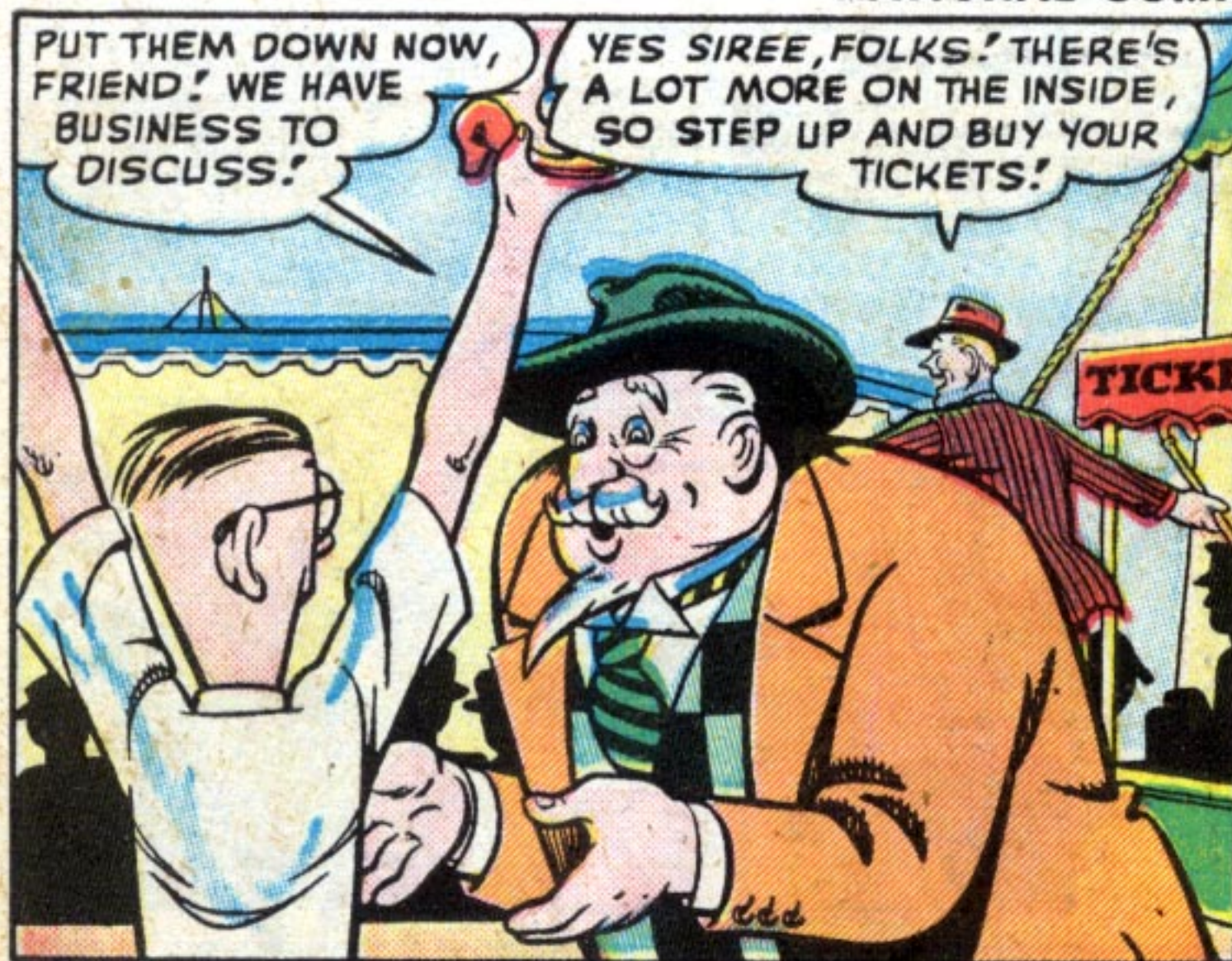
Write or paste coupon on postal card or mail in an envelope

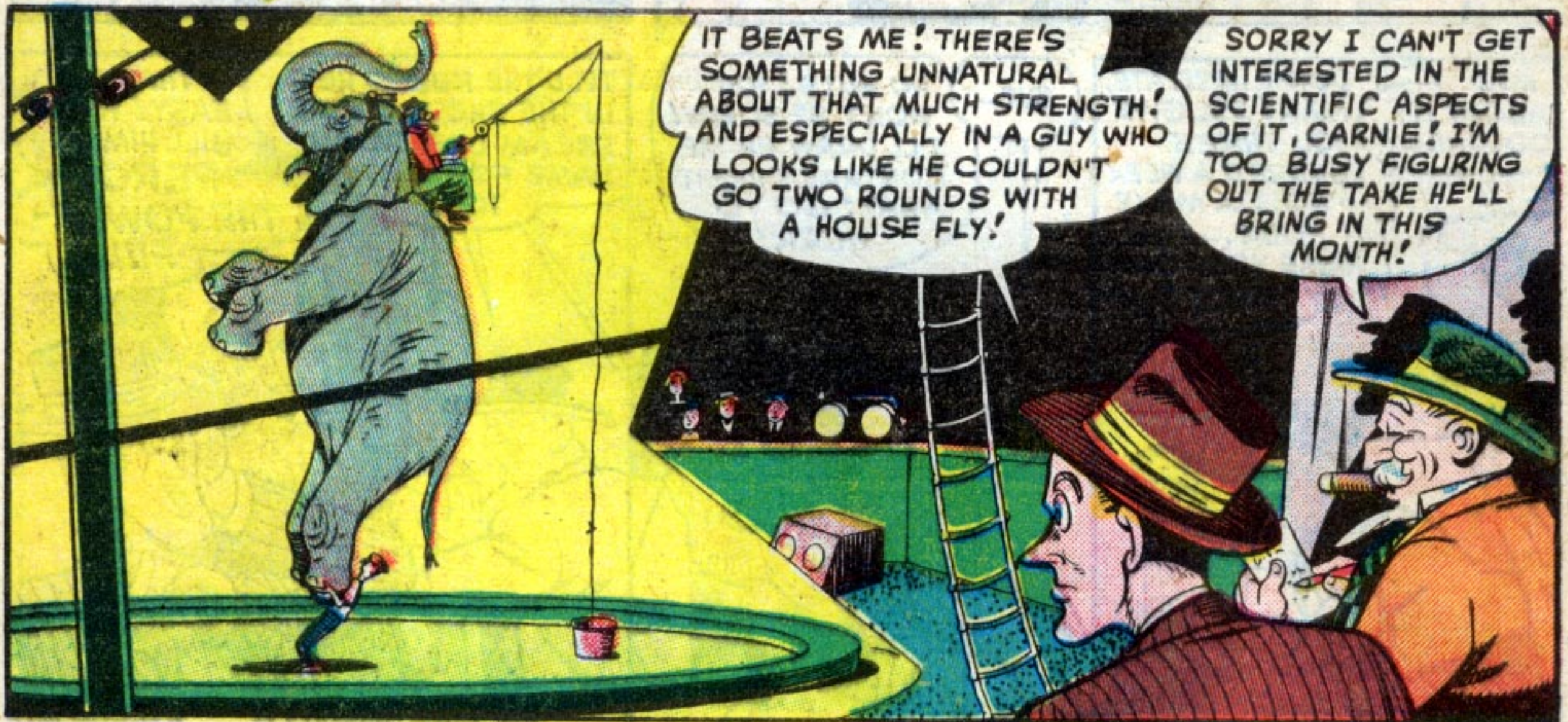


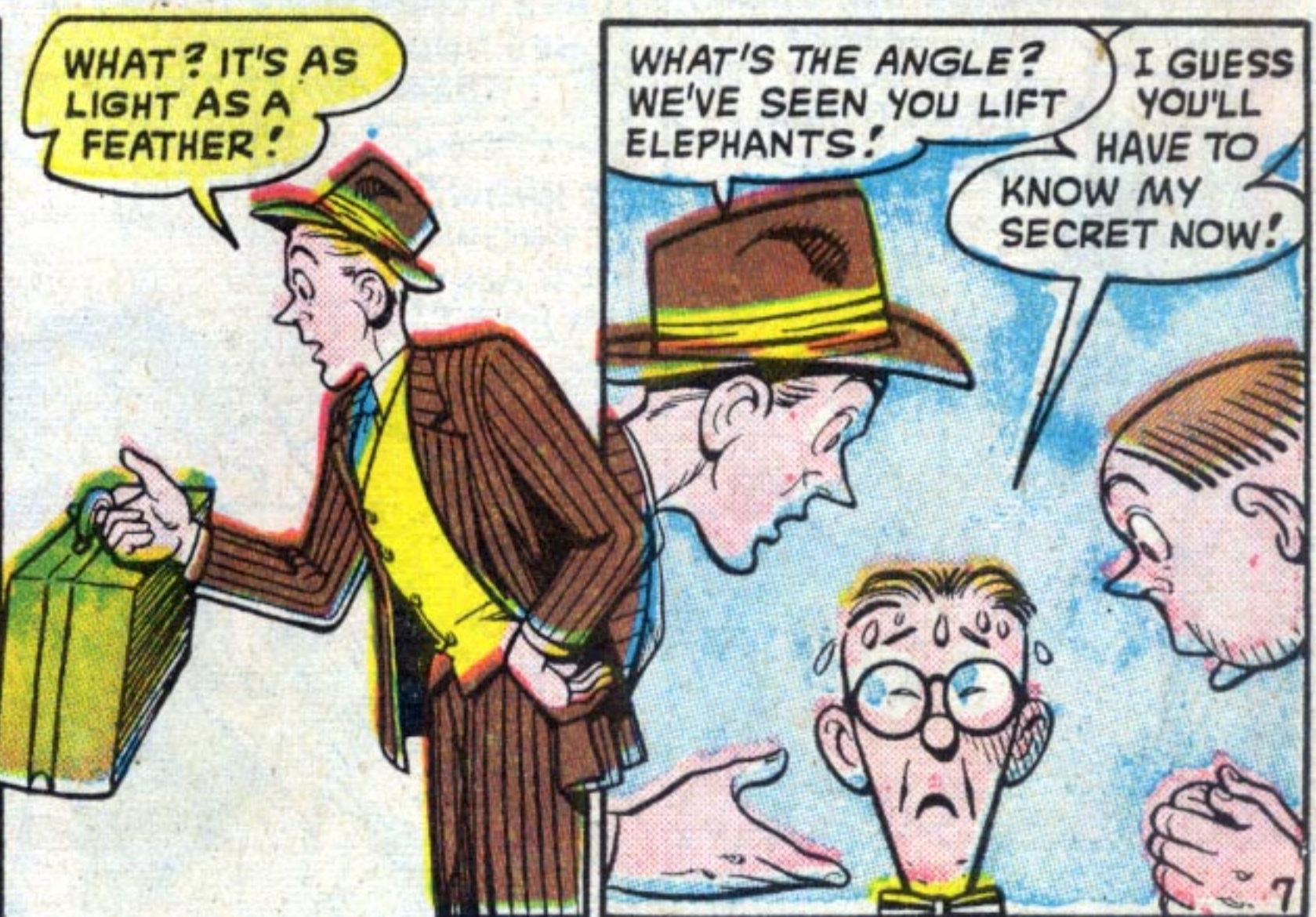
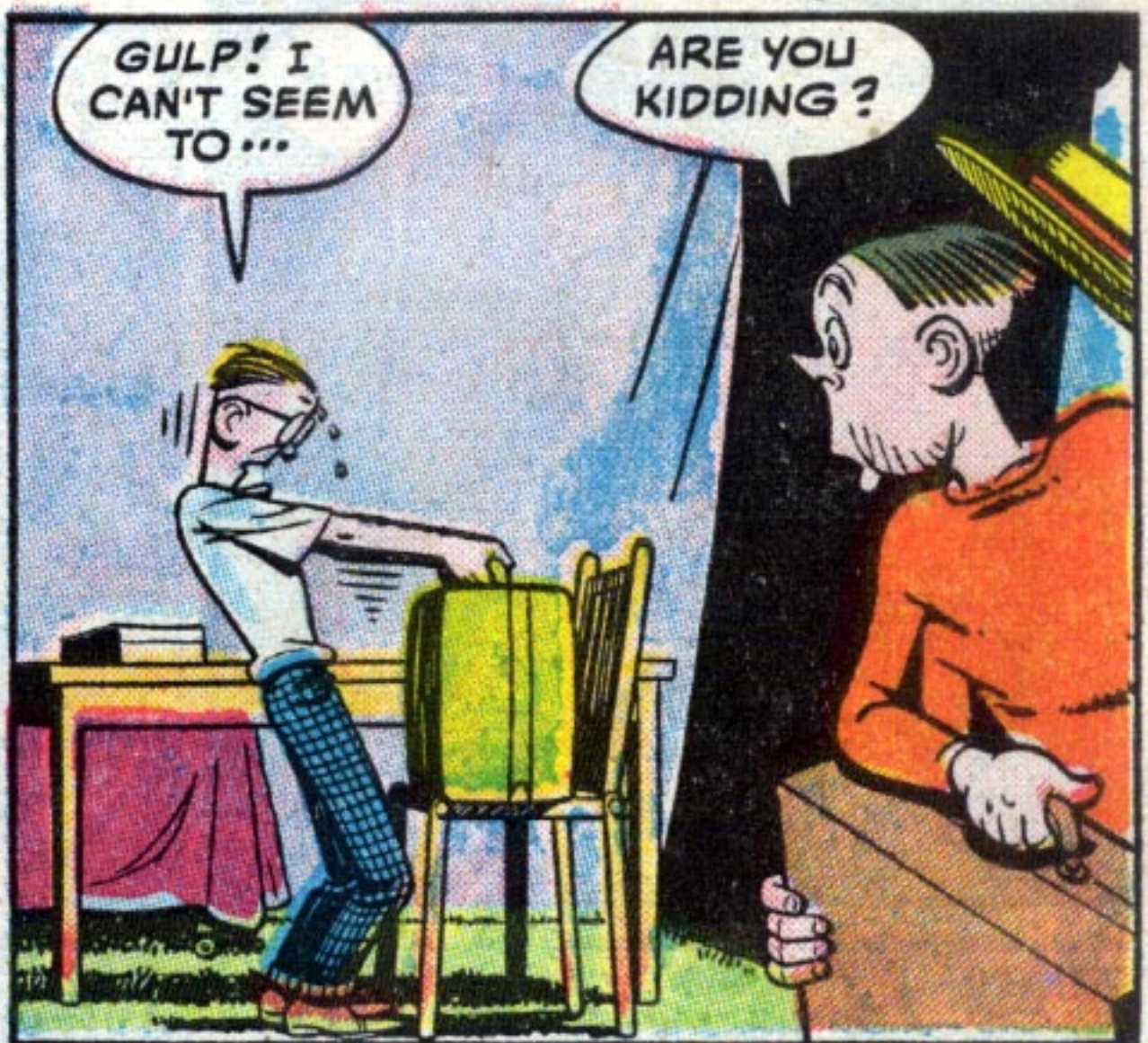
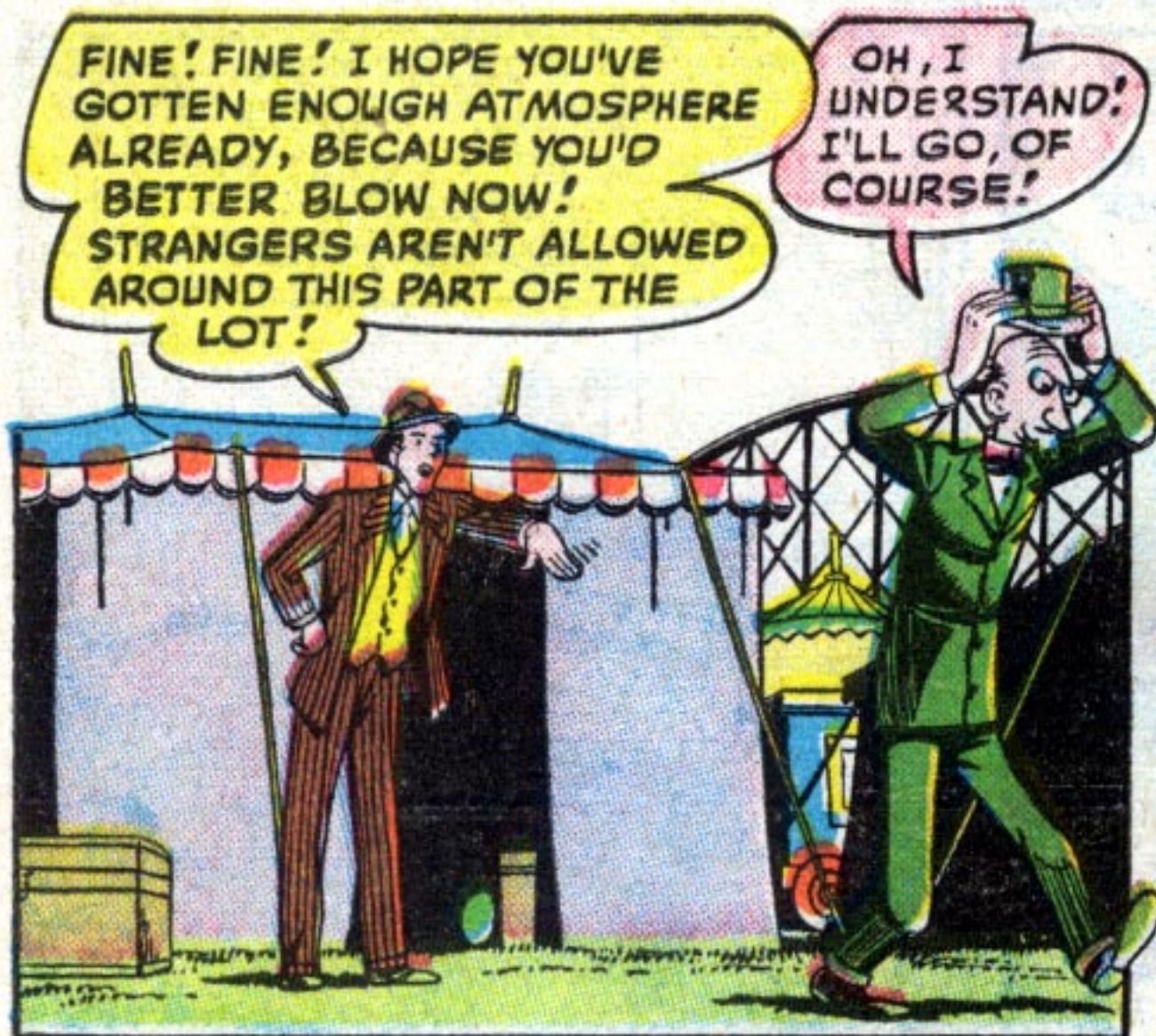












THERE ARE CERTAIN PILLS ... THEY SUPPLY MY TREMENDOUS ENERGY! I MUST TAKE A DOSE OF THEM EVERY TWELVE HOURS, BEFORE THEIR POTENCY FAILS ... OR I BECOME MY USUAL WEAK SELF!

WELL, BY JIMMINY, TAKE THEM! A FINE THING IT WOULD BE IF SOME OUTSIDER SAW YOU THIS WAY!

I WOULD HAVE TAKEN THEM BEFORE THIS BUT I FORGOT THE TWELVE HOURS WERE UP! NOW, TO SAVE MYSELF FURTHER EMBARRASSMENT...

GULP! THEY'RE GONE!

GONE?

GONE?

FIND THEM! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!

OH, DEAR! WHAT A CALAMITY!

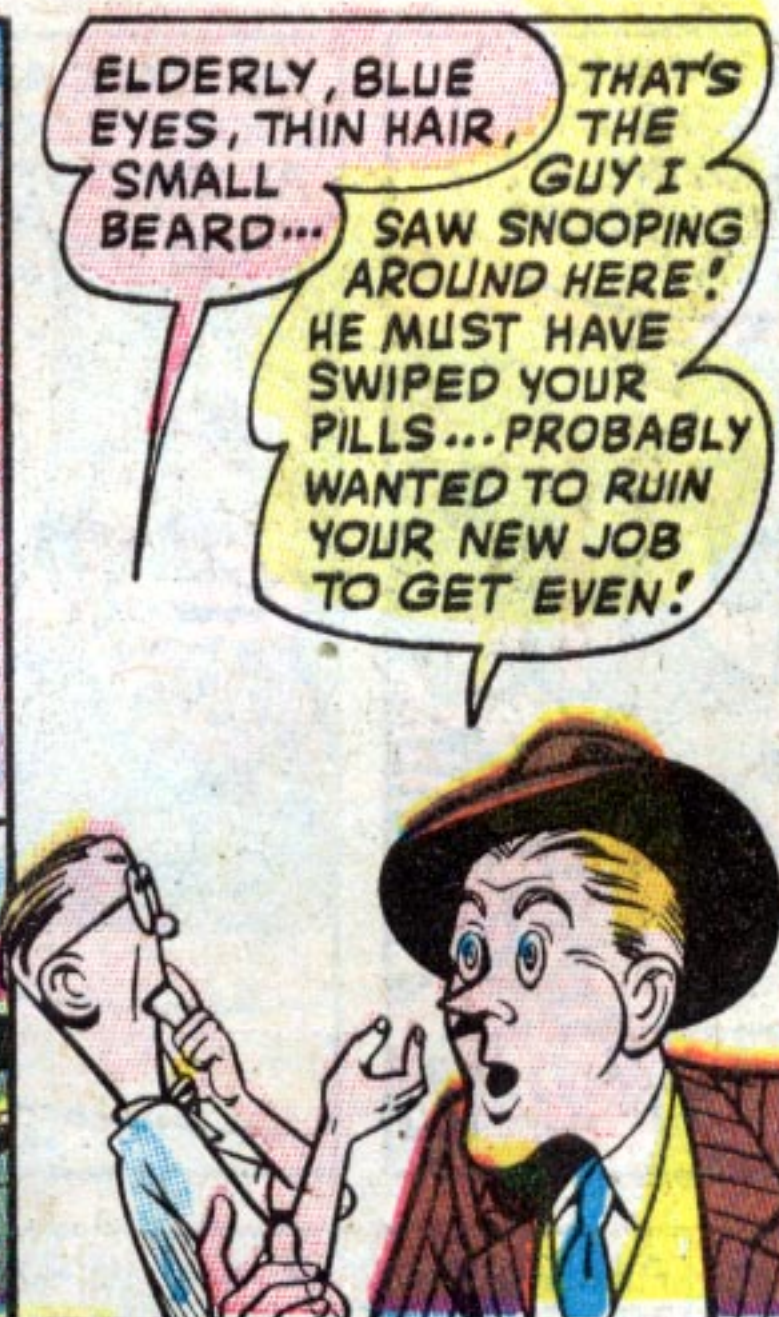
WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION ABOUT?

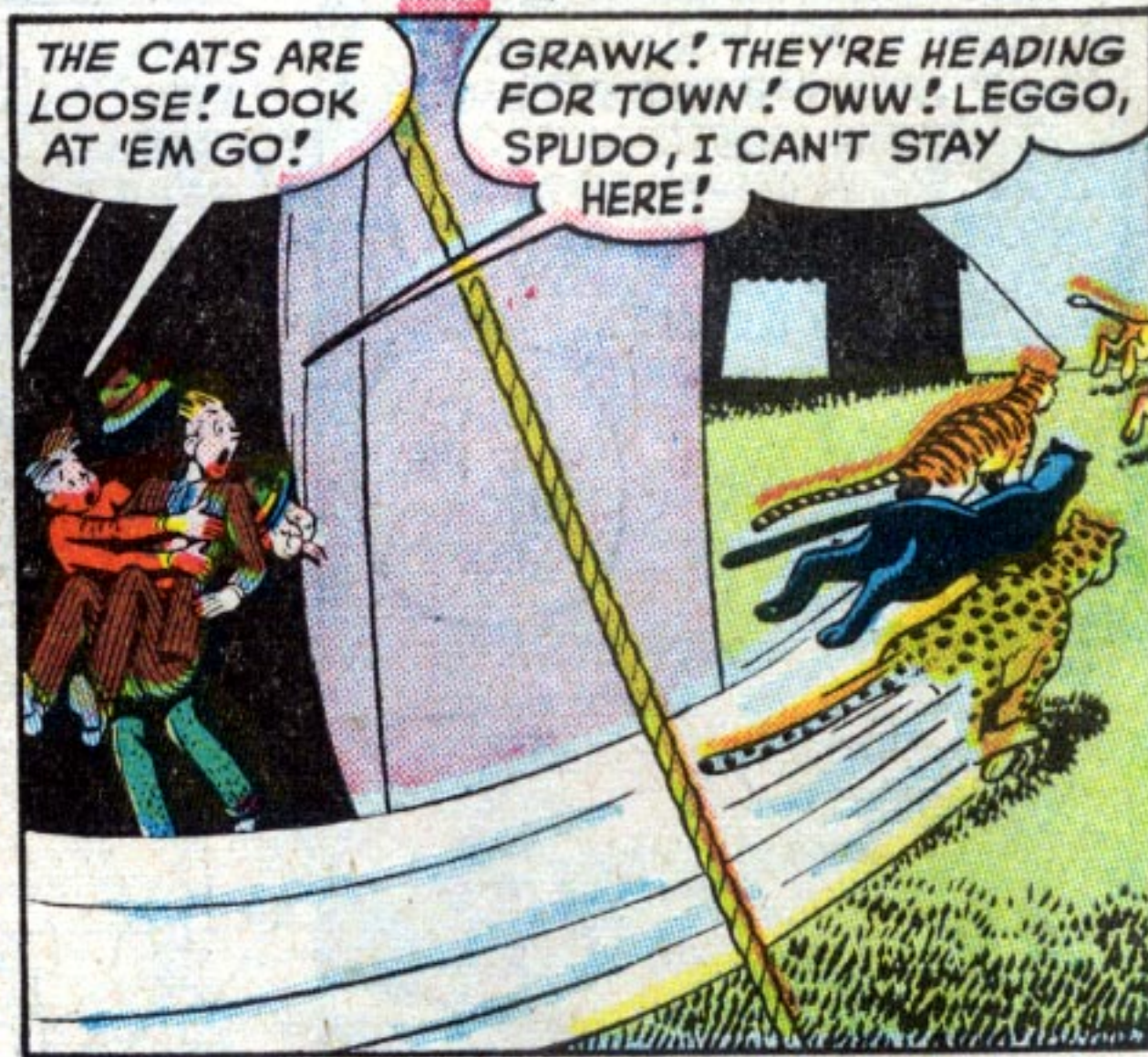
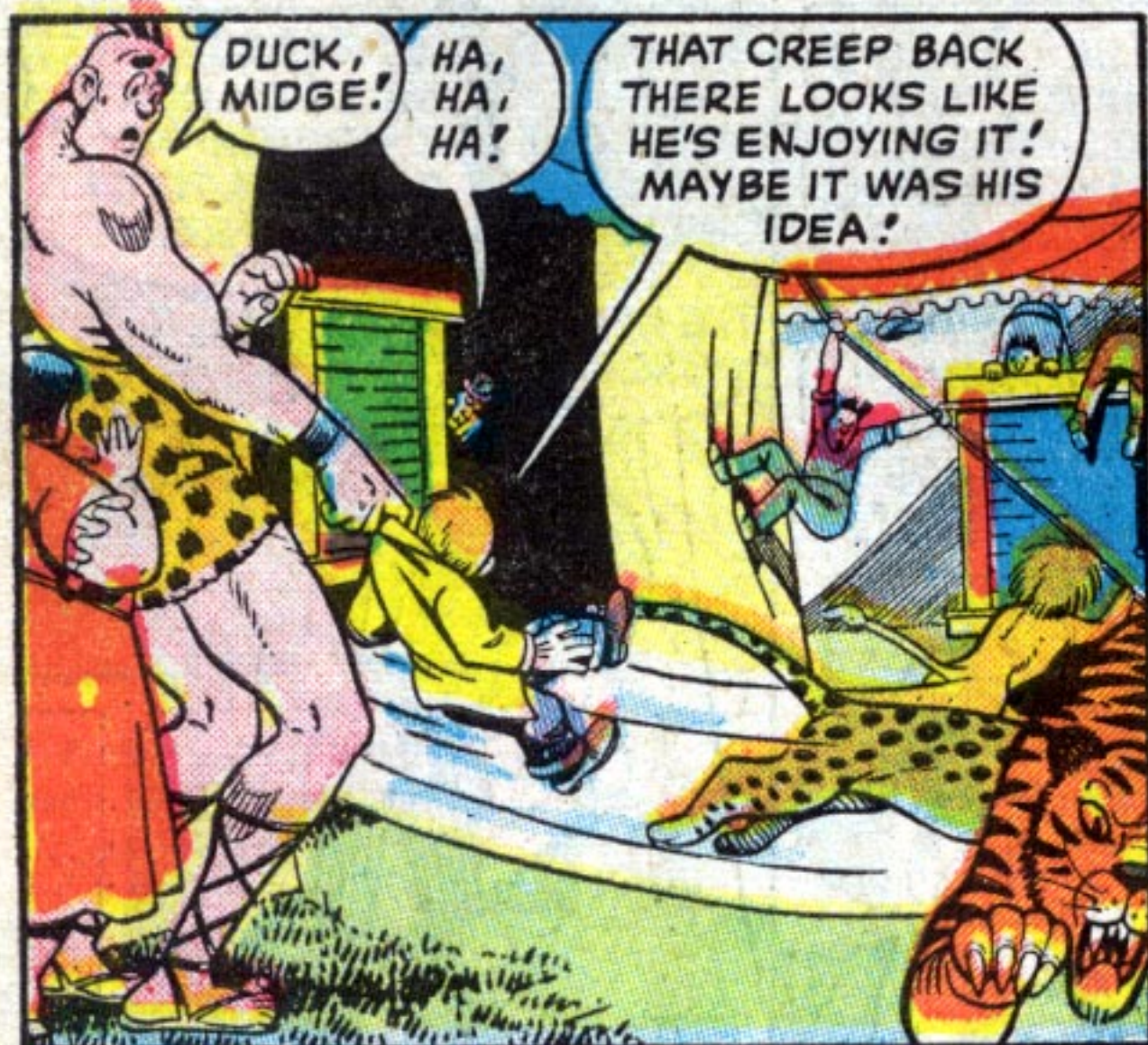
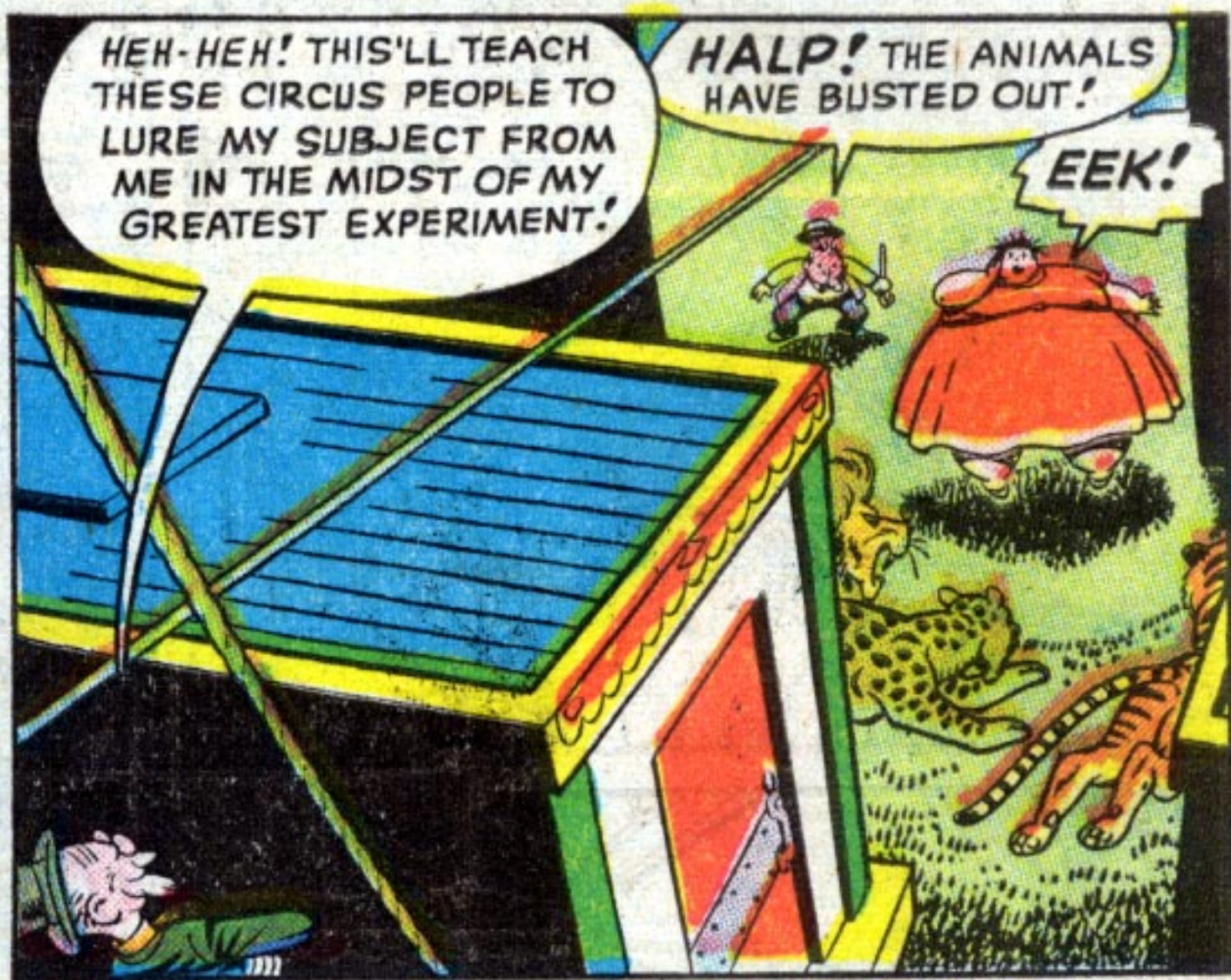
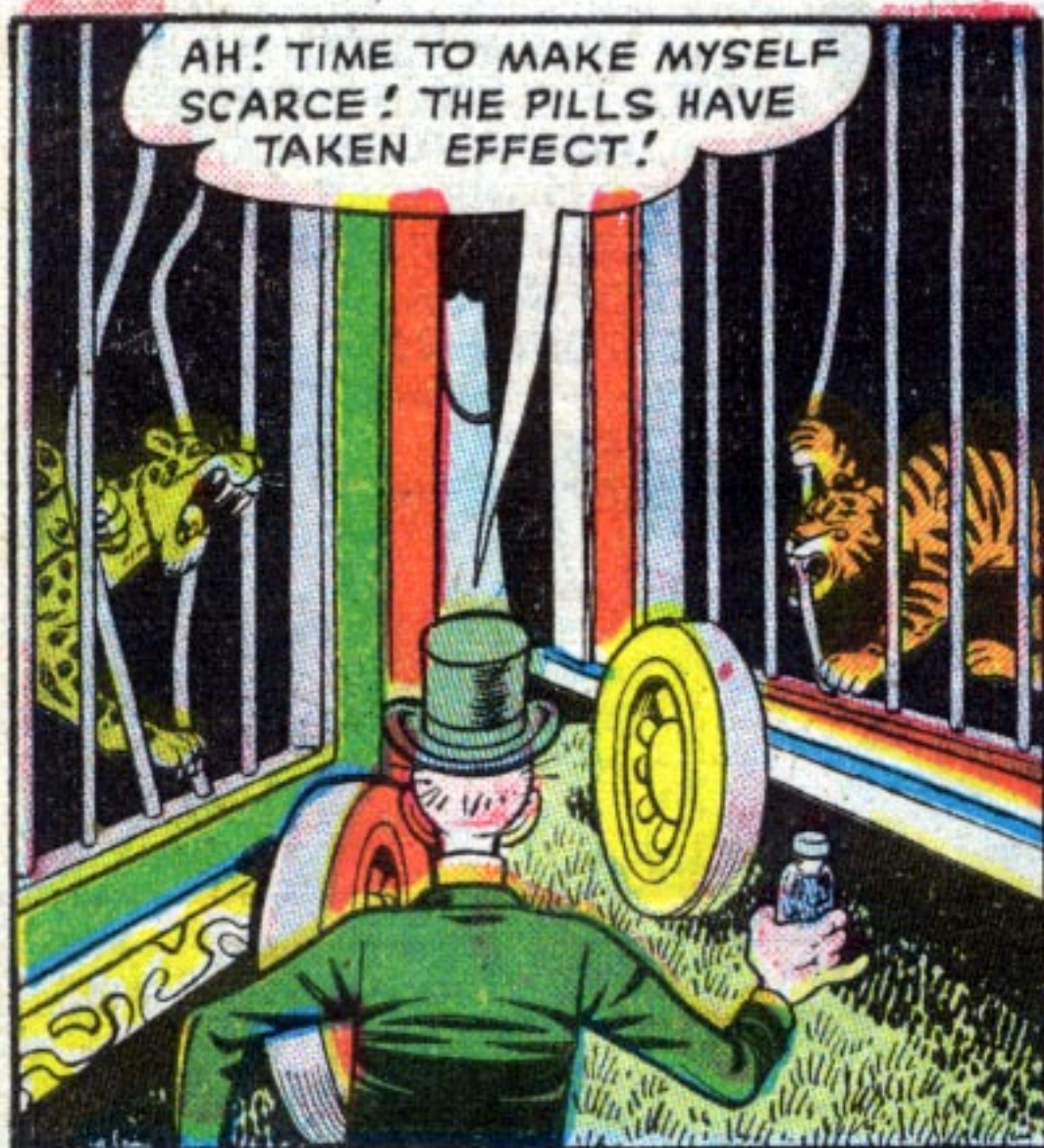
PERCY'S LOST THE PILLS THAT MADE HIM STRONG! HE'S WEAKER THAN A DAY-OLD KITTEN WITHOUT THEM!

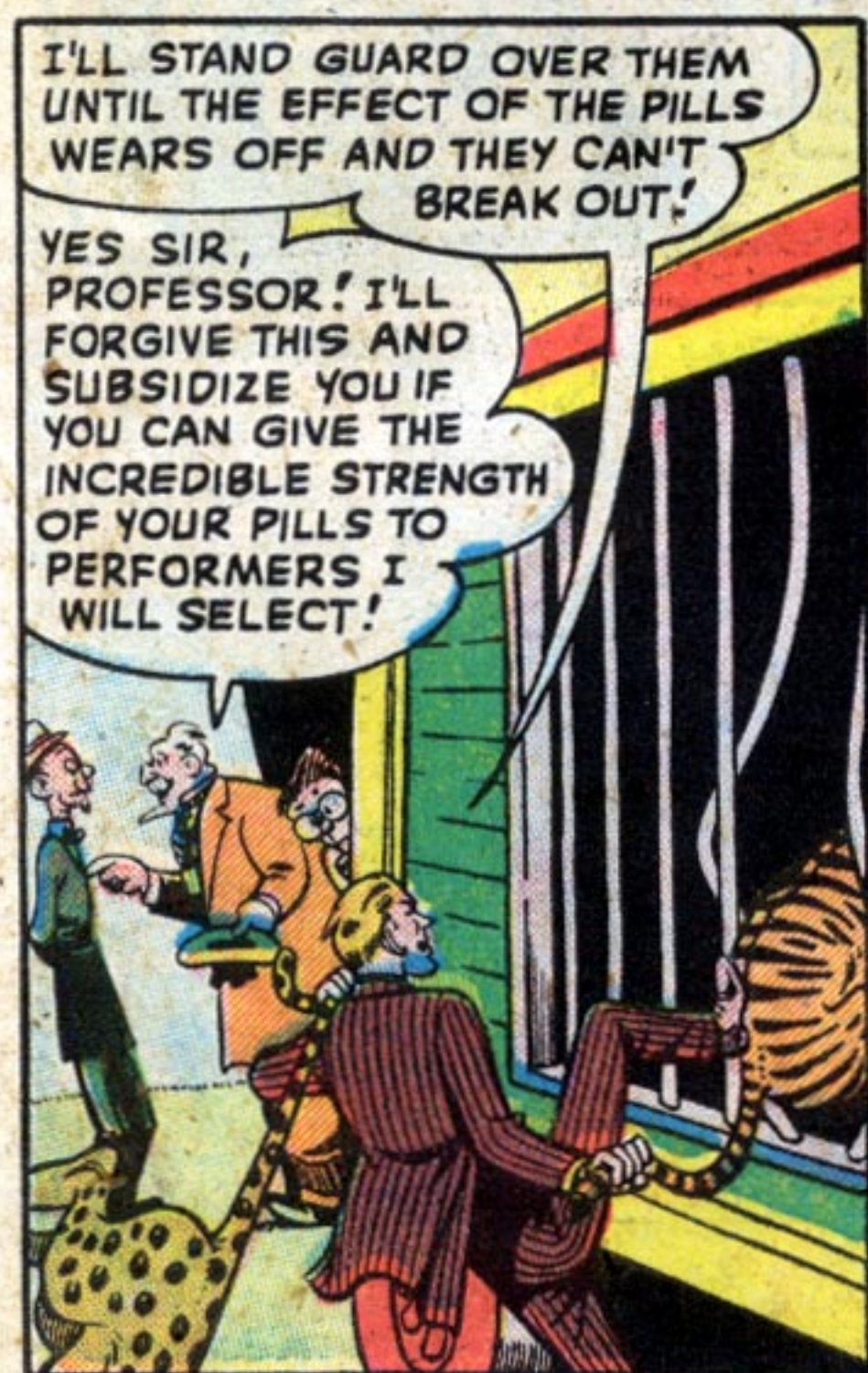
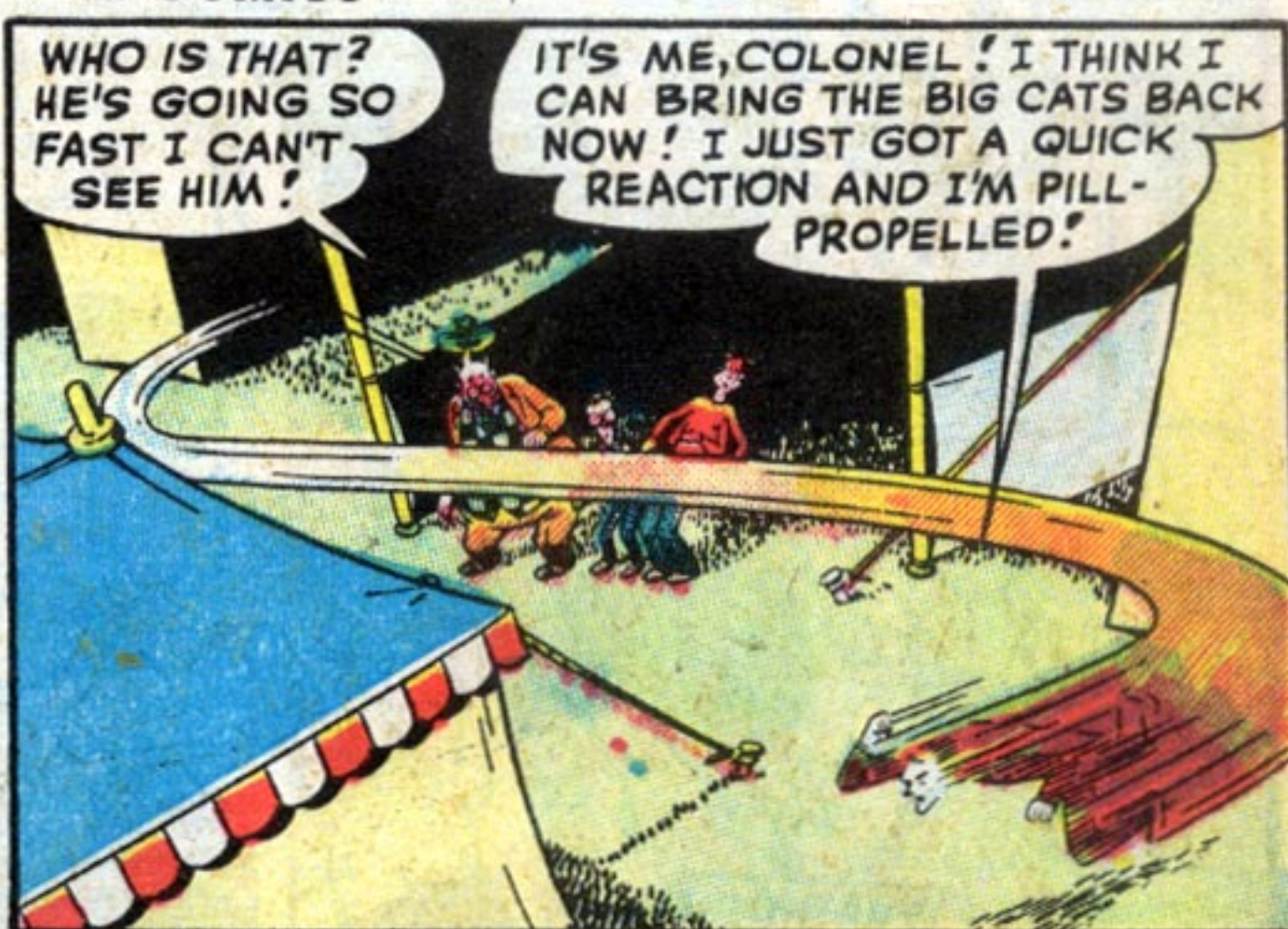
WHAT? YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ARE CLAMORING TO GET IN TO SEE YOU! WE CAN'T TURN THEM AWAY! THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

I KNOW! I KNOW! IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN INVOLVED WITH A CIRCUS IN THE FIRST PLACE, BUT AFTER YEARS OF BEING KNOWN AS A WEAKLING I COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO SHOW OFF WHEN I SAW YOUR STRONG MAN PERFORM!







FLIZZY

B.O. RAILROAD CO.

WHACHA SAY, PARTNER, OLD BOY?

PRESIDENT

OH! OH! DE RAIL ROAD BULL!

GOTTA THINK FAST!

B.O.

OKAY, BUM! OFF THE TRAIN... OR ELSE!

GO AHEAD, OFFICER! KICK ME! MASH ME TO A PULP! I'M TOO WEAK TO RESIST!

'SMATTER?

OH, NUTTIN'! I AIN'T ET IN WEEKS... BEEN LOOKIN' FER WOIK IN EIGHT STATES... ME WIFE AN' KIDS IS HOME STARVIN' TO BONES!

NOT ONLY DAT, ME MUDDER JUST DIED AND WE AIN'T GOT DE DOUGH TO BURY HER PROPER!

SOB! S-S-STOP IT! SLOB SLUB SOB

HERE'S MY BADGE! SOB! TAKE MY JOB! Y-YOU NEED IT MORE THAN I DO!

SIR, I'M SO CHOKED UP WIT' GRATITUDE, I CAN ONLY THINK O' ONE THING T'SAY!

WHAT'S THAT?

OFF DE TRAIN, YUH BUM!

GRANNY GUMSHOE

IS THAT A JET-PROPELLED POOCH YOU HAVE THERE, MR. BUGG?

NO, MRS. GUMSHOE... **FLEAS!** HE'S DECIDED THEY CAN CARRY HIM FOR A WHILE!

Granny Gumshoe looks like an inoffensive old lady... but her hobby is criminology and she practices on the shrewdest crooks!

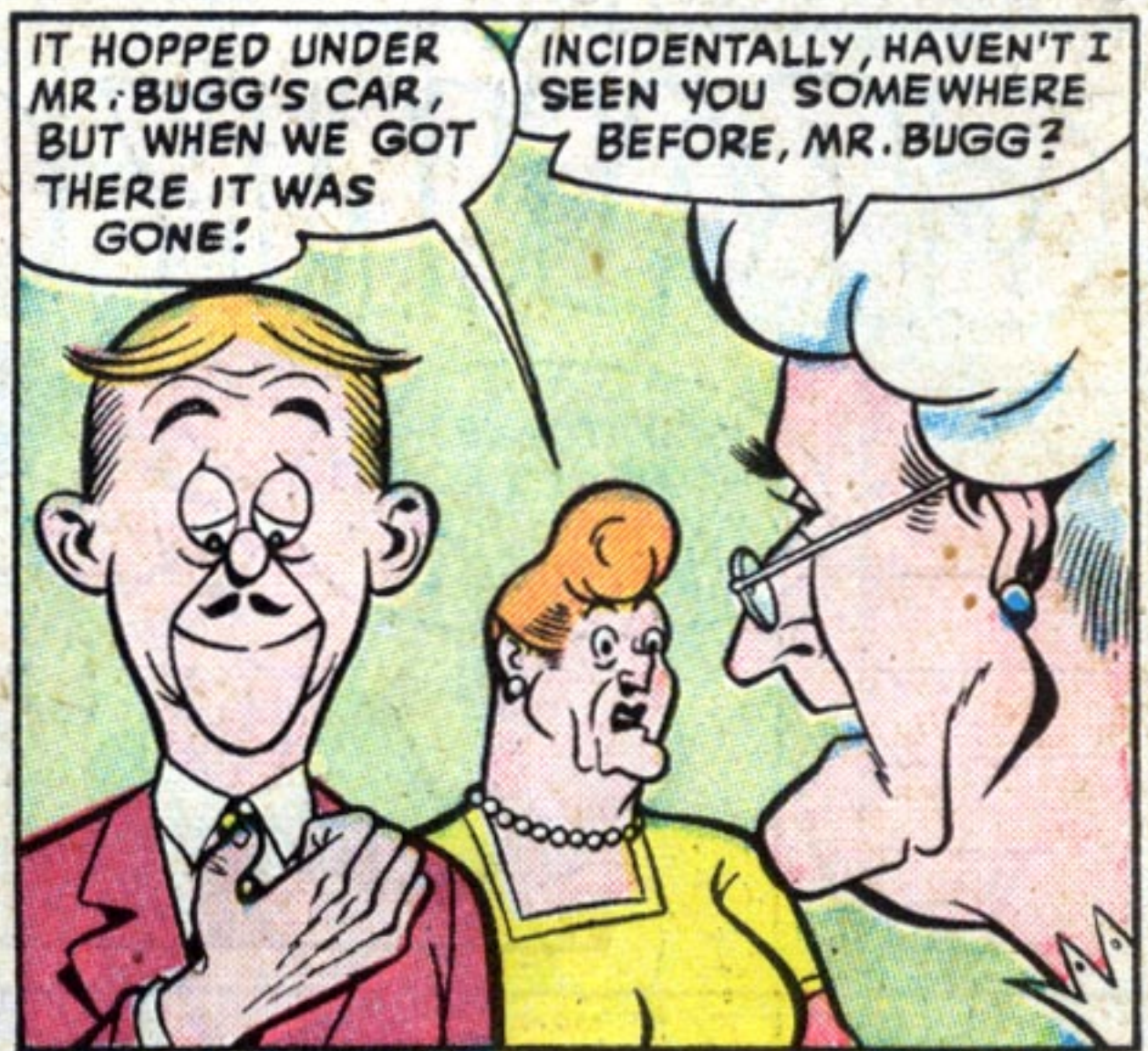
- GIL FOX -

One afternoon Granny's phone started ringing...

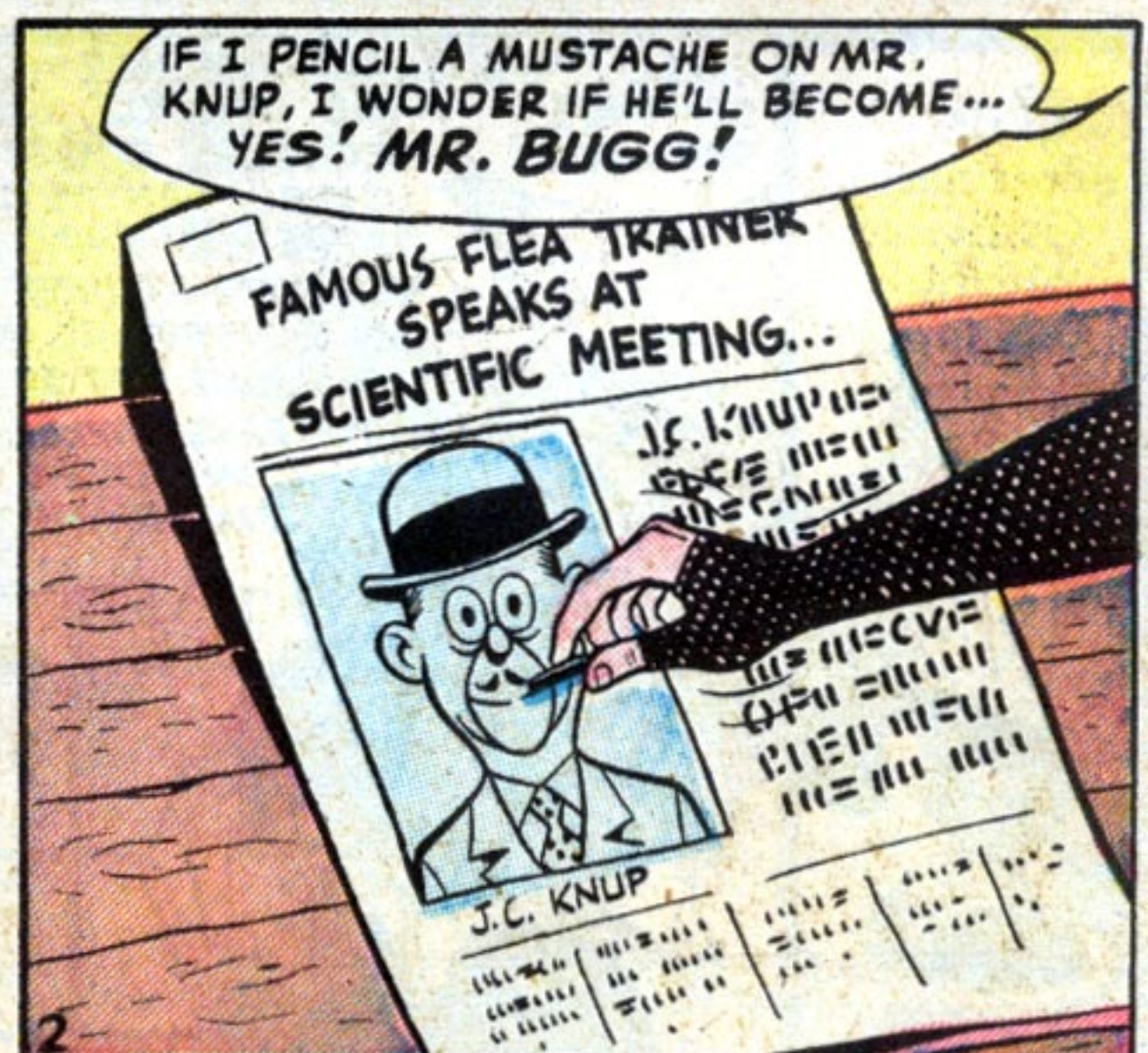
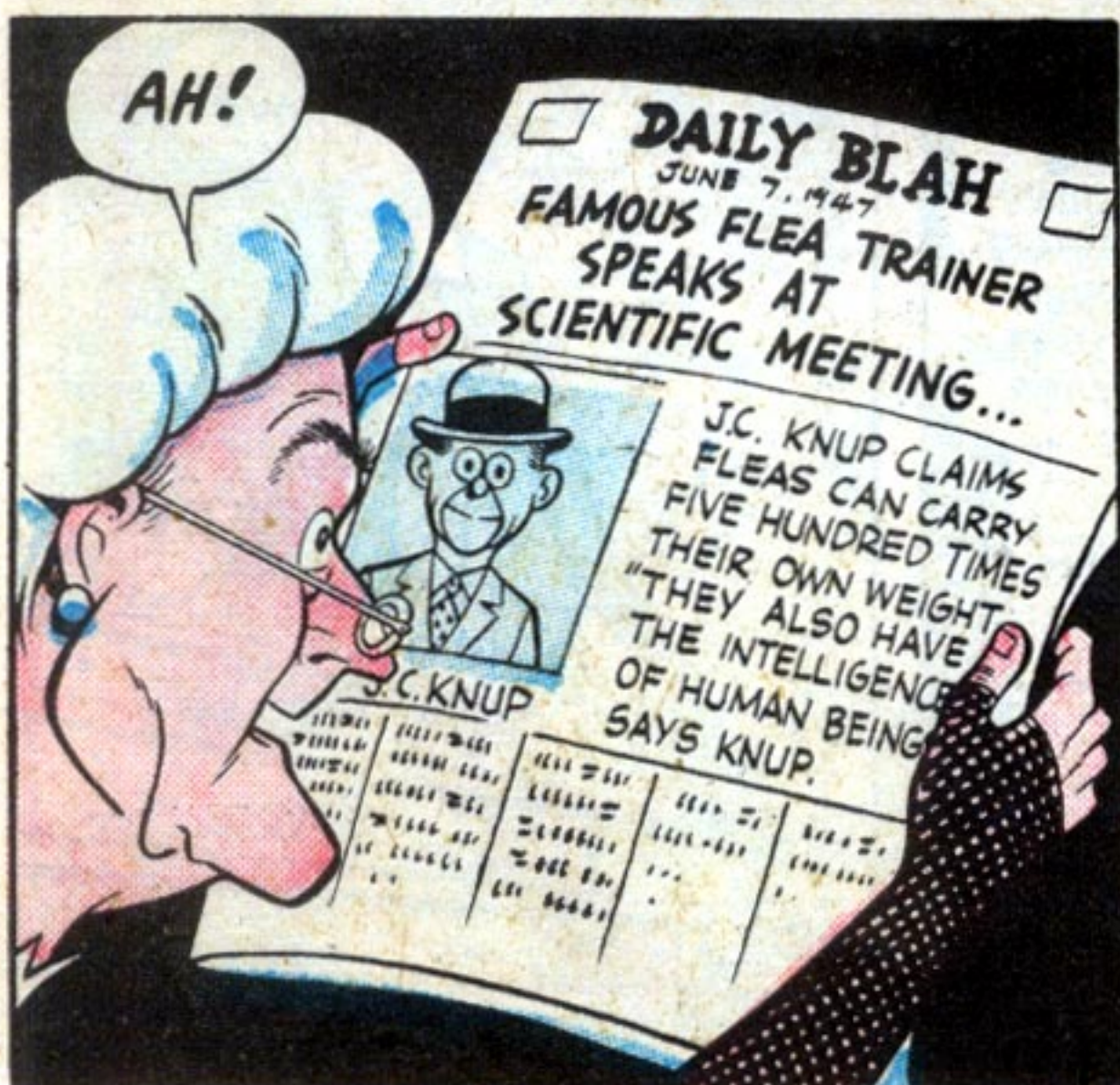
HELLO! MRS. GUMSHOE SPEAKING!

MRS. GUMSHOE... THIS IS MRS. VAN GELT, YOUR NEIGHBOR! SOMETHING UTTERLY FANTASTIC JUST HAPPENED! I WAS HAVING TEA WITH A GUEST WHEN MY SILVERWARE ACTUALLY WALKED OFF AND DISAPPEARED! PLEASE COME OVER IMMEDIATELY!

WALKING SILVERWARE? MRS. VAN GELT MUST HAVE HAD A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!



Back home, Granny rummages through the old newspapers in her attic...



SO MR. KNUP, ALIAS MR. BUGG, IS A FLEA TRAINER! SILVERWARE HOPS AROUND WHEN HE'S PRESENT, EH? WELL, I'LL BE THERE WHEN HE TRIES TO PULL ANOTHER FLEA HOP... BUT PREPARED!



A few days later, the guests arrive for tea at the rich Mrs. Lucre's mansion...



AH, WE MEET AGAIN, MRS. GUMSHOE!

...AH YES, DEAR LADIES... I'VE NEVER GIVEN UP THE OLD HABIT OF TAKING SNUFF! SNIFF! SNIFF!

HE'S JUST PRETENDING HE'S TAKING SNUFF! HMM...



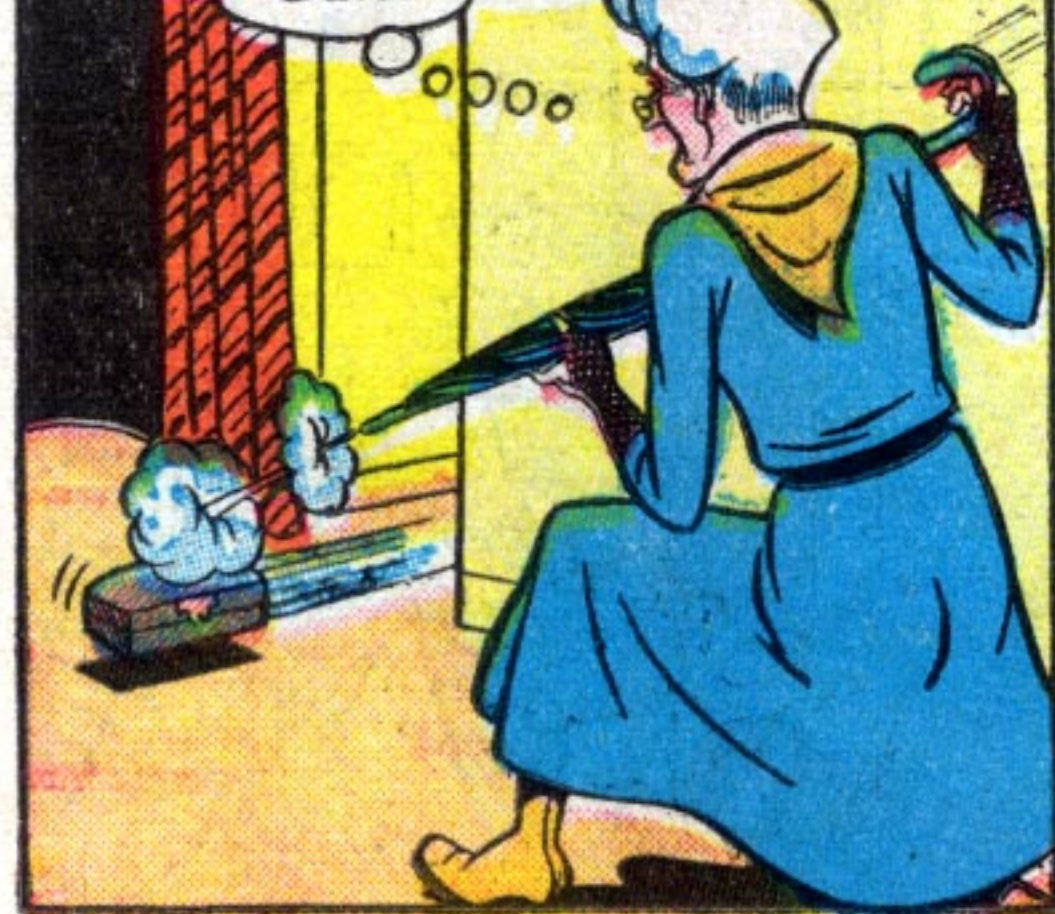
THAT SNUFF BOX MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS MYSTERY... THERE GOES SOME OF MRS. LUCRE'S SILVERWARE!



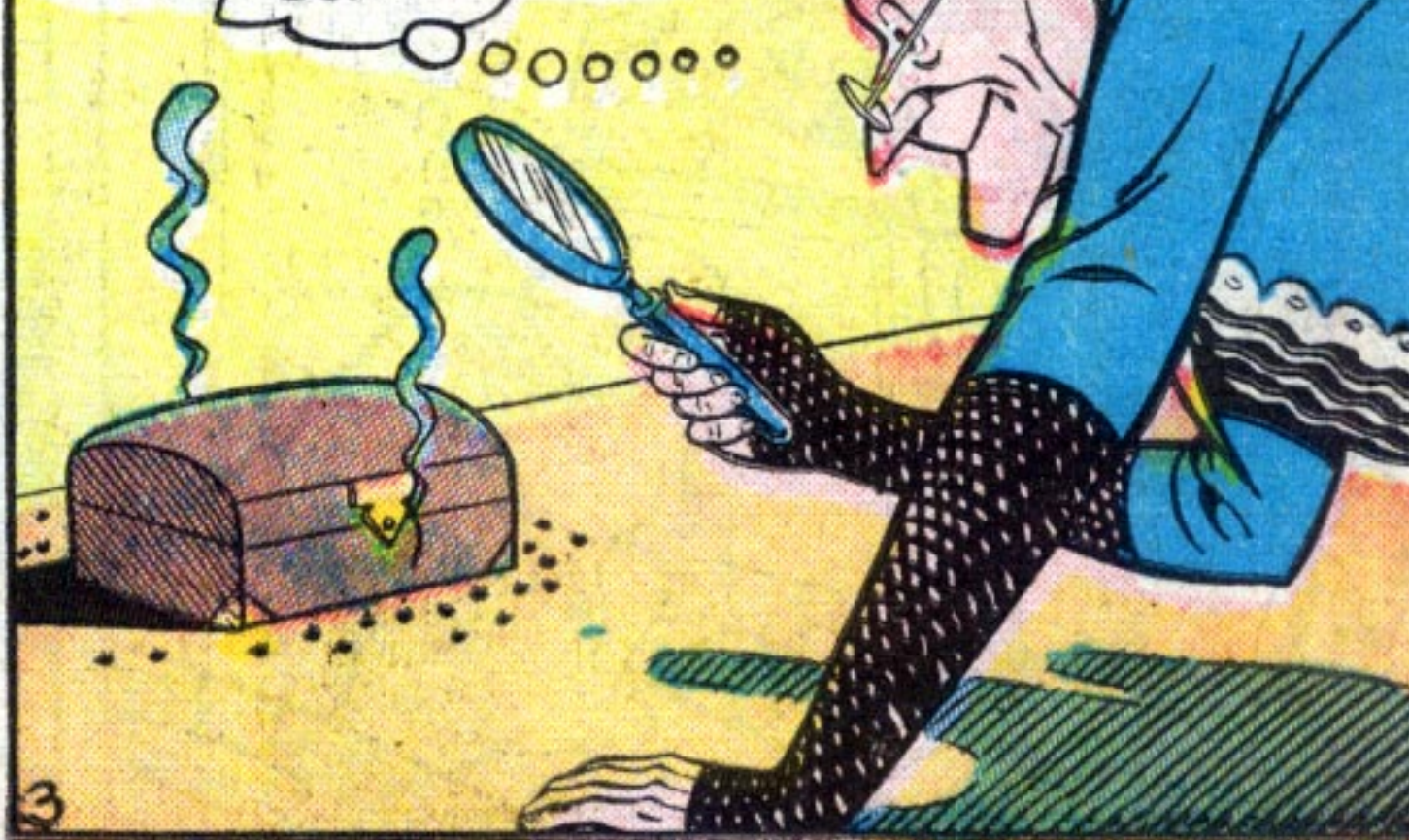
HE'S PLAYING IT SAFE TODAY! MRS. LUCRE DIDN'T SEE HER SILVERWARE SCURRY OUT THE WINDOW AND HOP UNDER BUGG'S CAR!

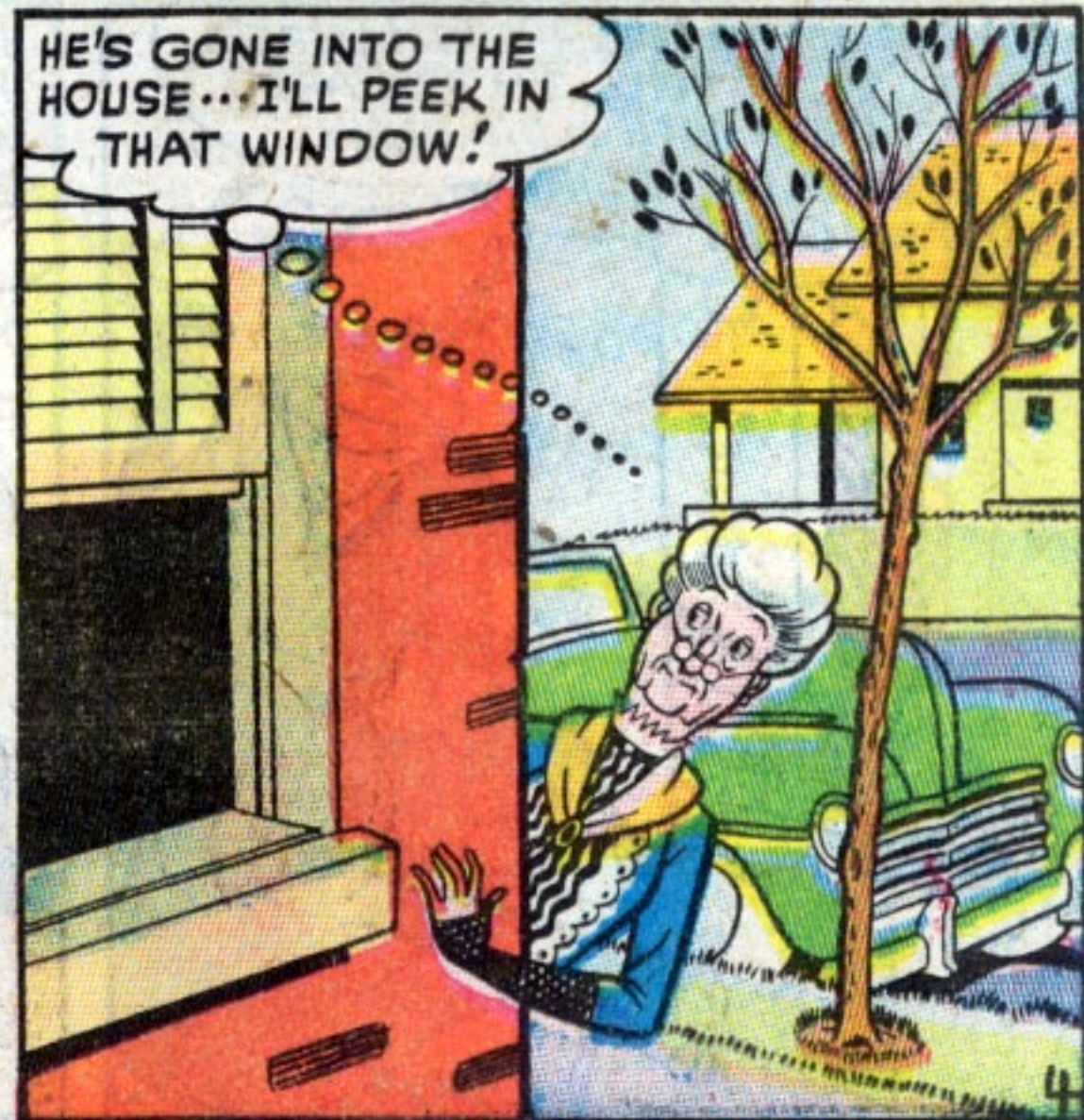
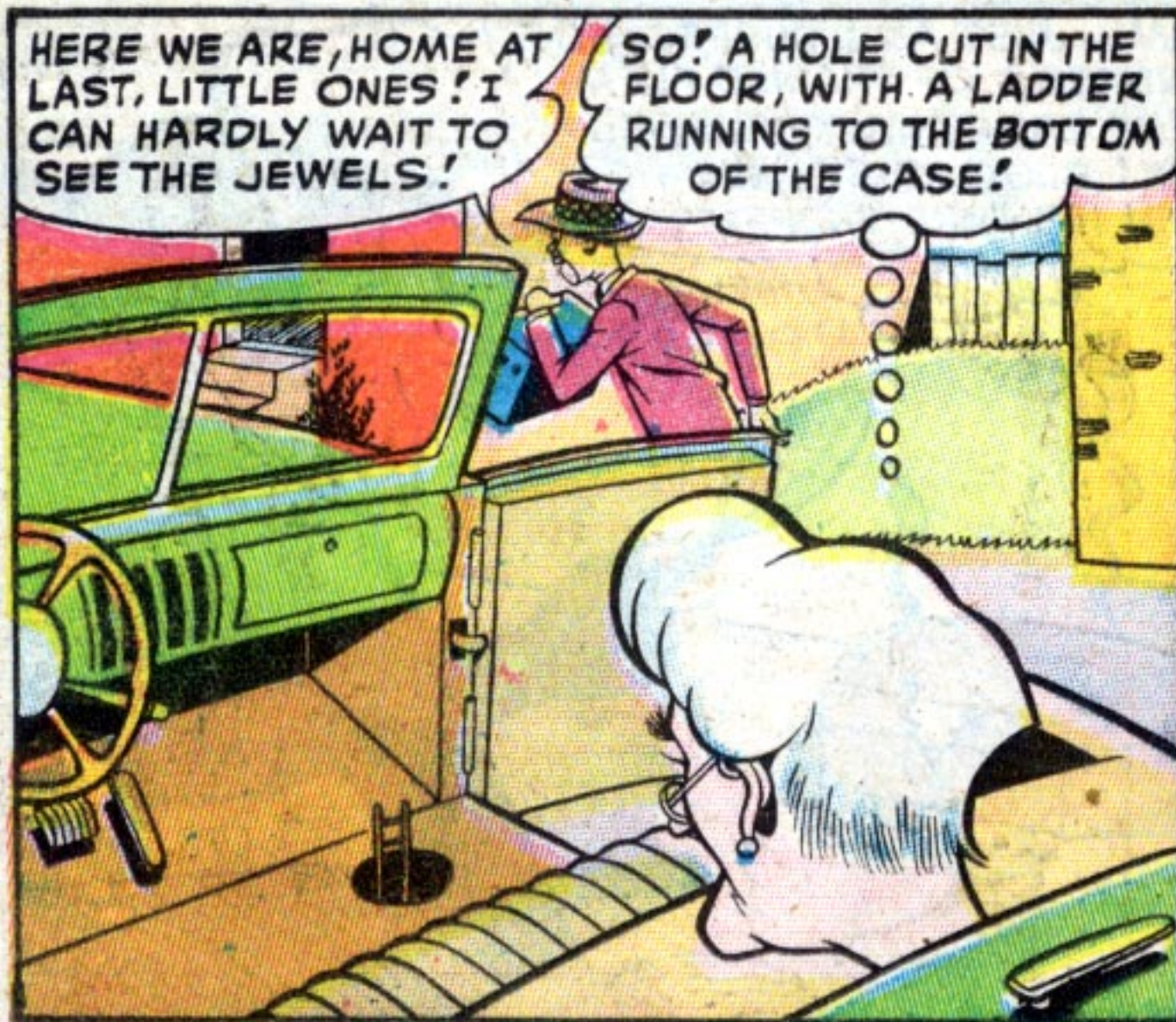
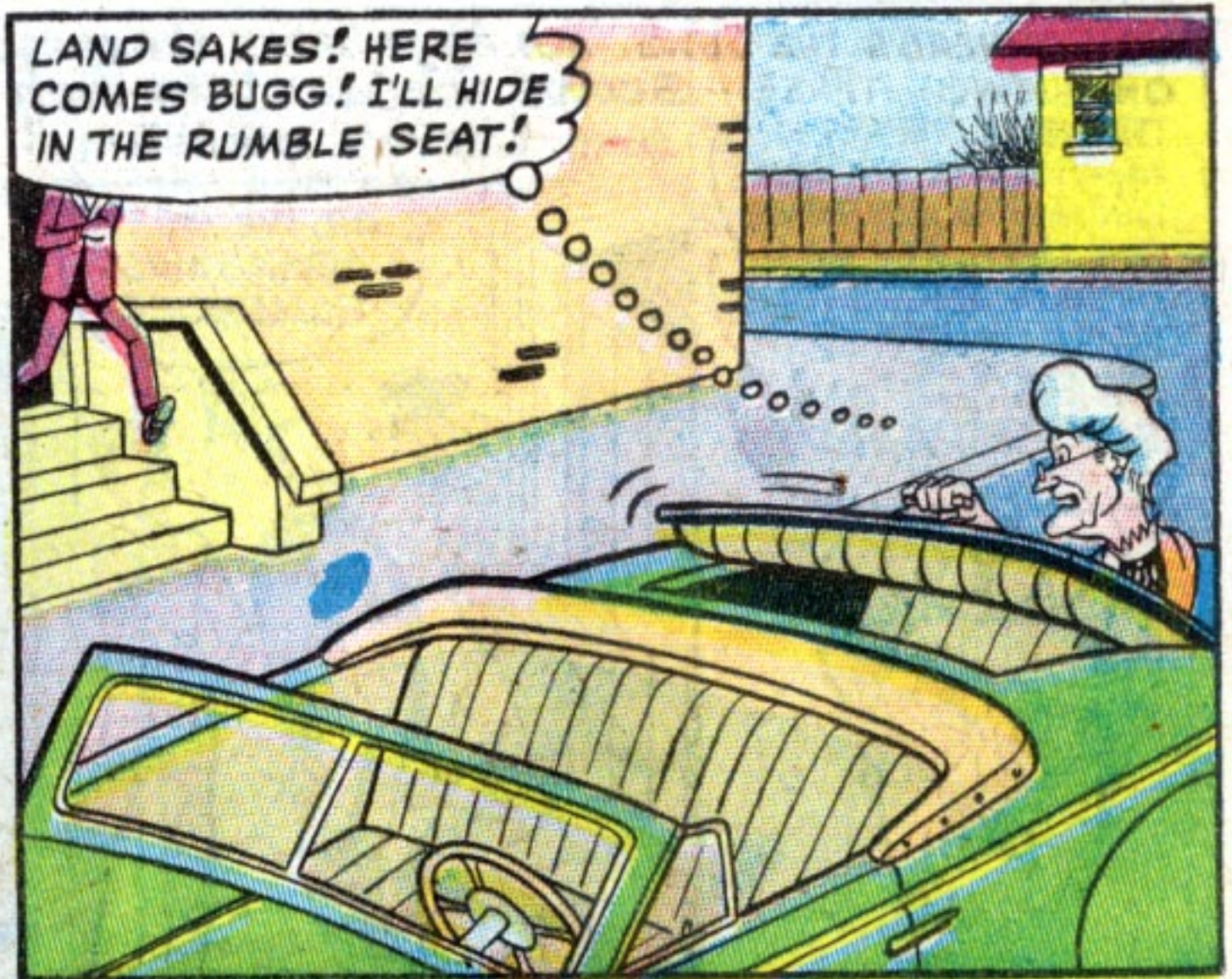


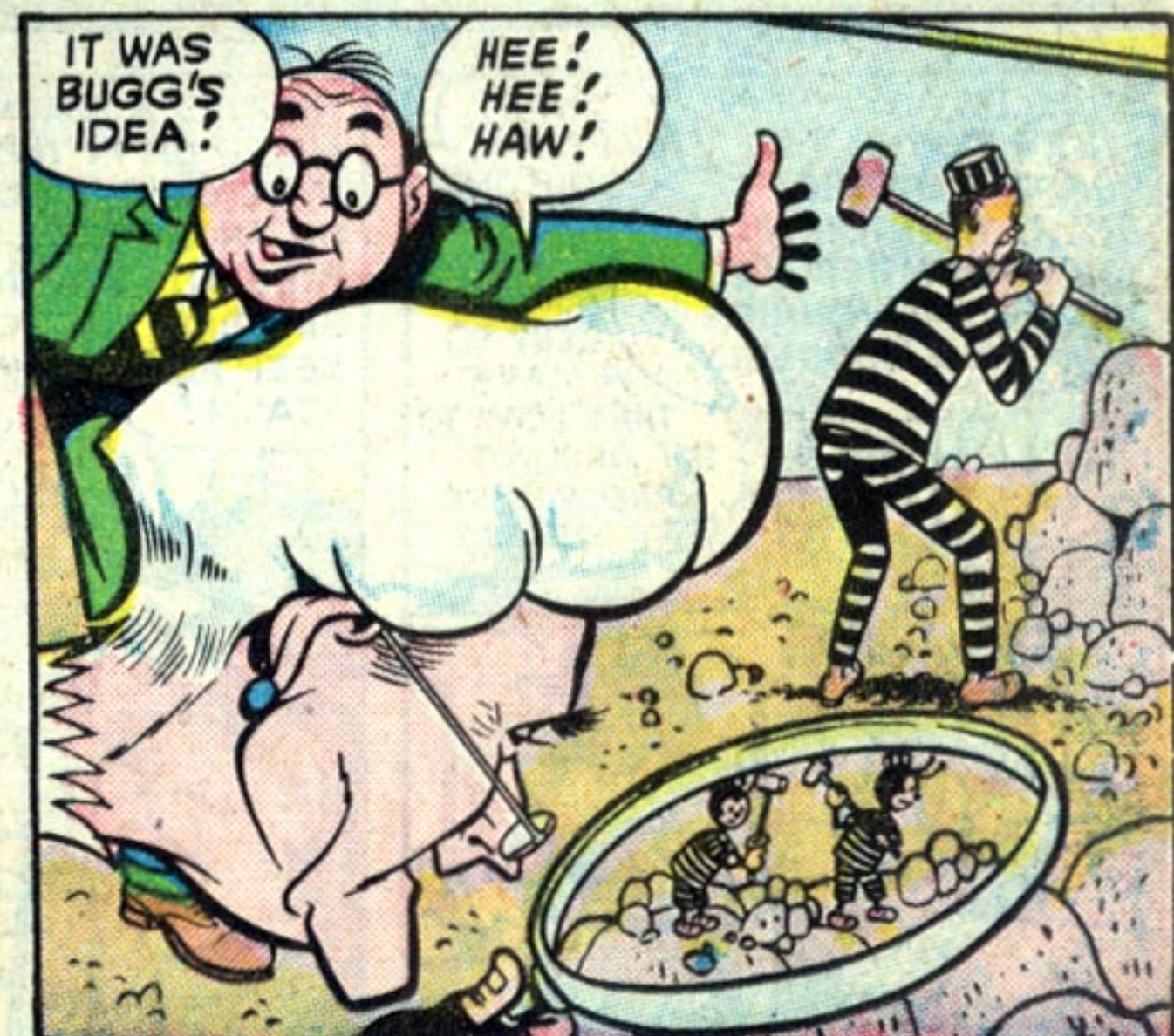
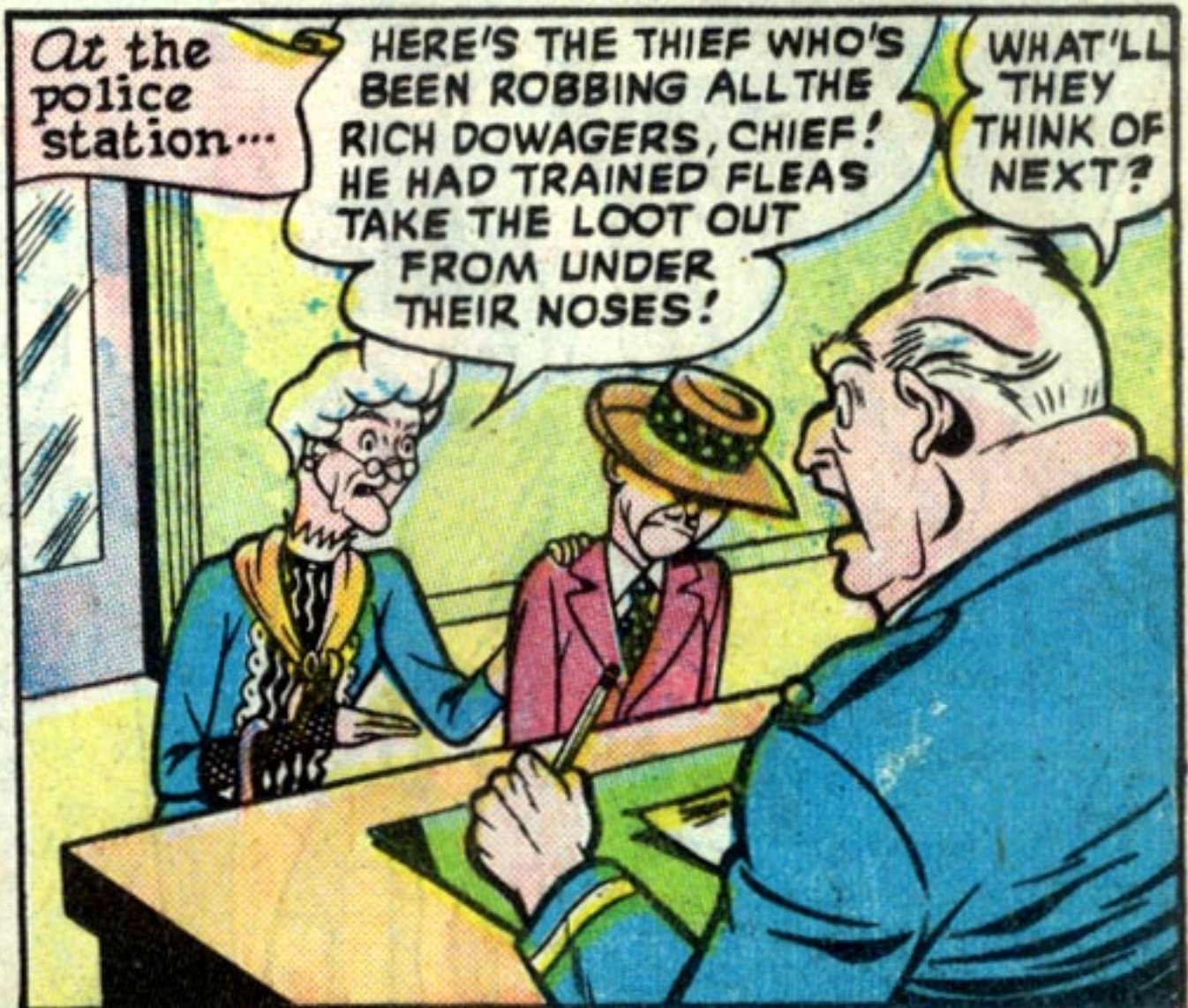
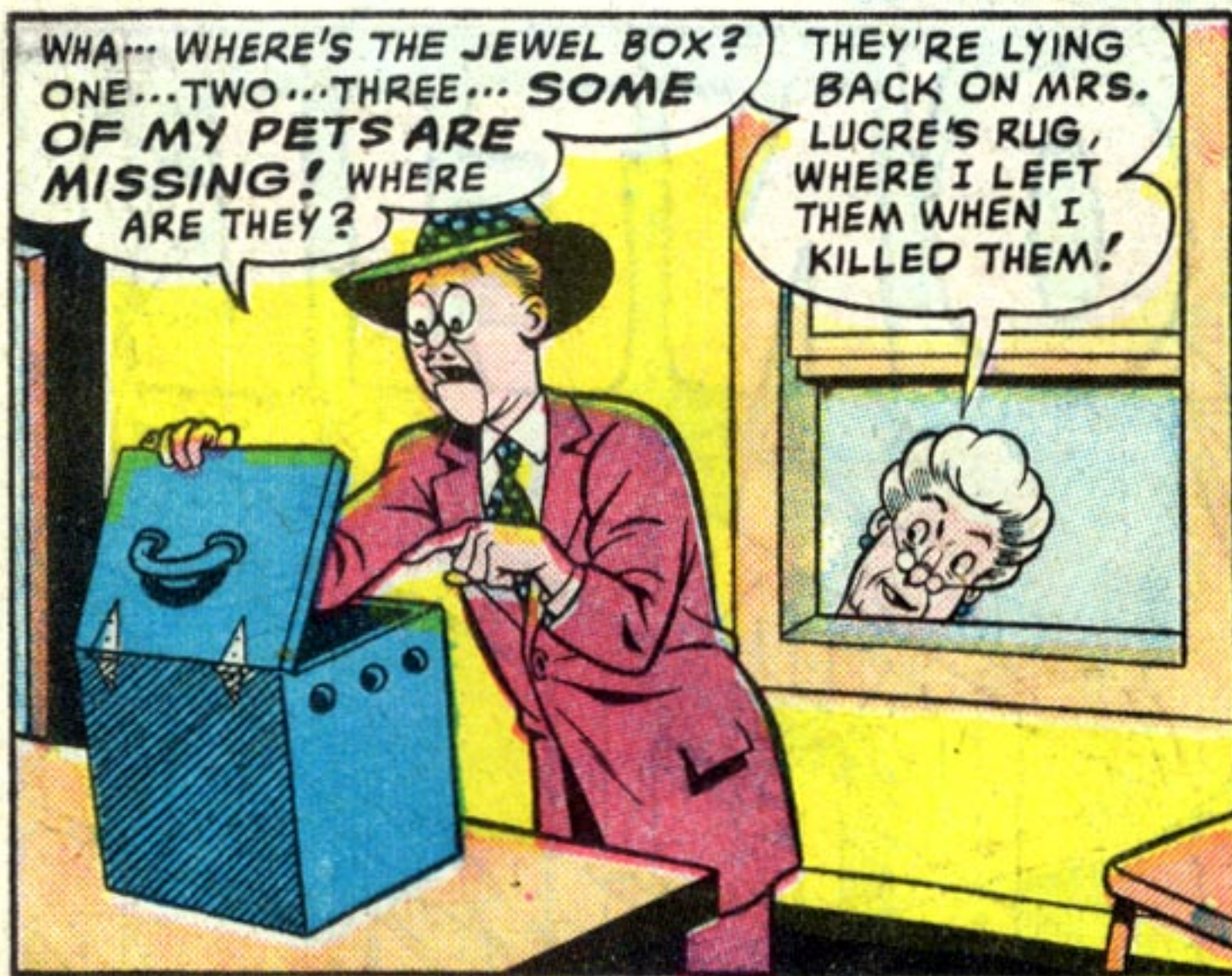
OH, OH! THERE GOES MRS. LUCRE'S JEWEL BOX! WELL, I'M PREPARED FOR THAT... WITH D.D.T. IN MY UMBRELLA SQUIRT GUN!



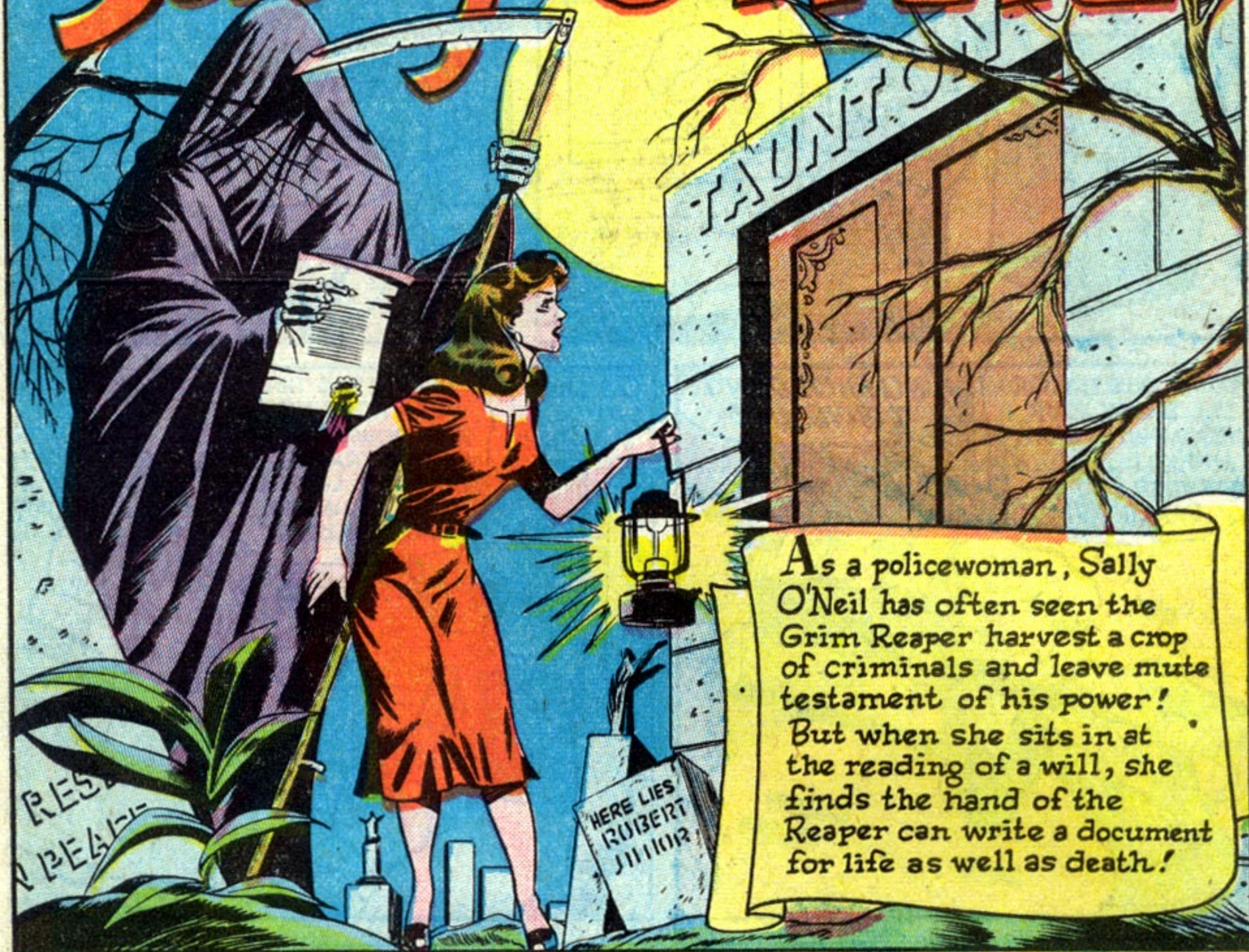
HMM... JUST AS I SUSPECTED! HUNDREDS OF TRAINED FLEAS WERE CARRYING THE JEWEL BOX! BUGG MUST KEEP THEM IN HIS FAKE SNUFF BOX!







Sally O'NEIL



As a policewoman, Sally O'Neil has often seen the Grim Reaper harvest a crop of criminals and leave mute testament of his power! But when she sits in at the reading of a will, she finds the hand of the Reaper can write a document for life as well as death!

SALLY, I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO COVER THE READING OF THE BARRY TAUNTON WILL! YOU REMEMBER, HE'S THE OIL MILLIONAIRE WHO DIED SUDDENLY!

GOSH, CAPTAIN, COULDN'T YOU GIVE THAT ASSIGNMENT TO A MAN? THEY LOVE TO SIT AROUND AND SMOKE CIGARS!



THERE'S A FEMININE ANGLE MIXED UP IN THIS THING! TAUNTON'S WIDOW INSISTS ON AN OFFICER BEING PRESENT, SO I'M SENDING YOU TO KEEP HER CALM!

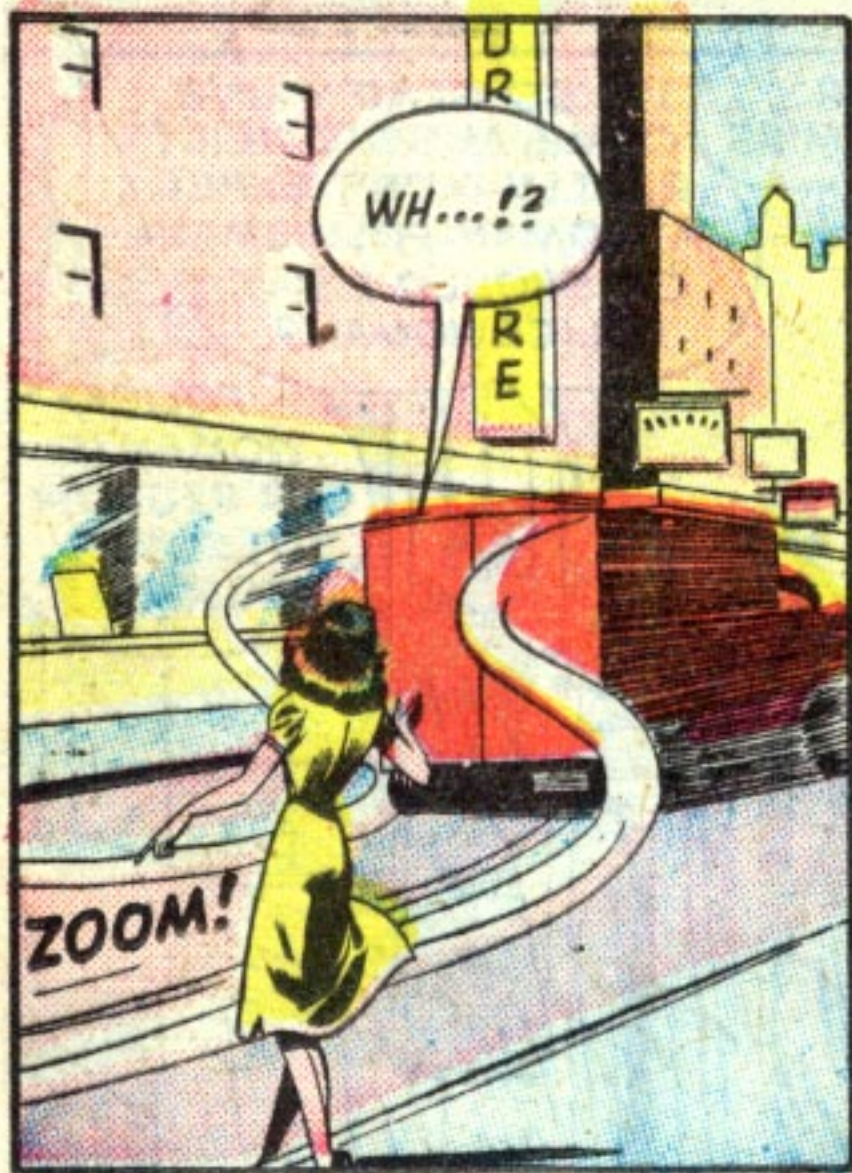
YES, I KNOW!

LOT'S OF TEARS AND WAILING! WELL, GIVE ME ALL THE DOPE AND I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!

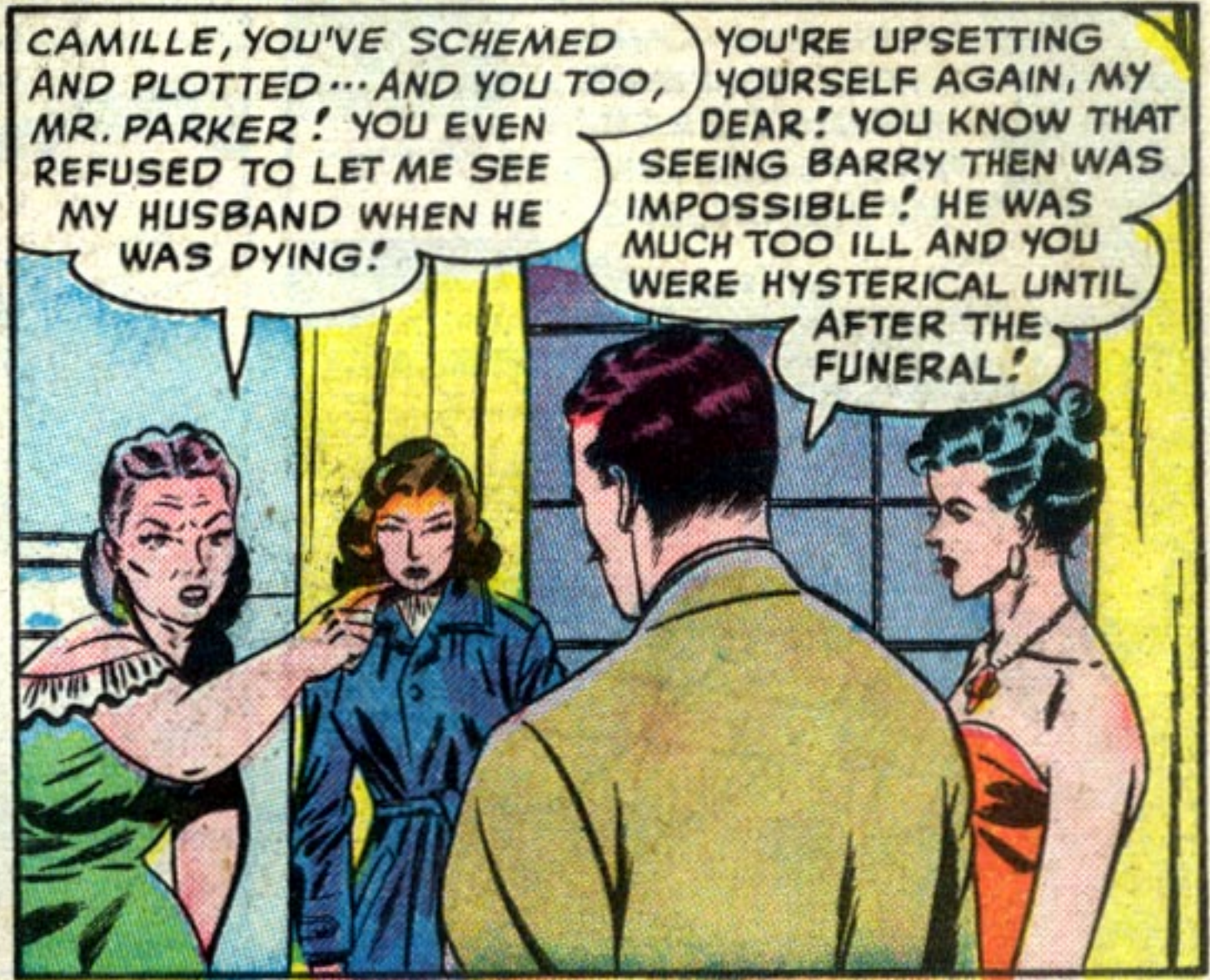


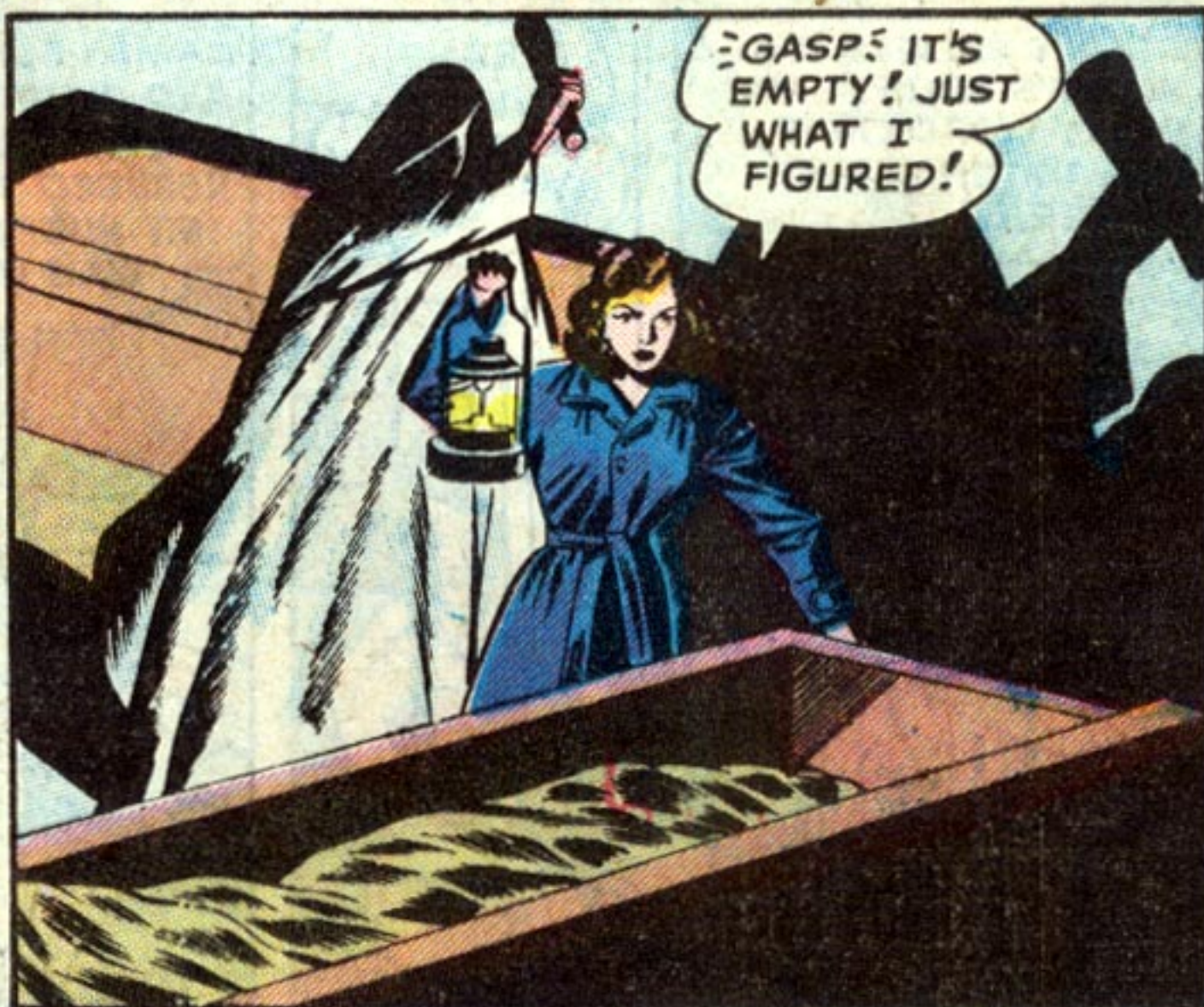
READING OF A WILL, PHOOEY! BUT I GUESS I HAVE TO TAKE A DULL ASSIGNMENT ONCE IN A WHILE!

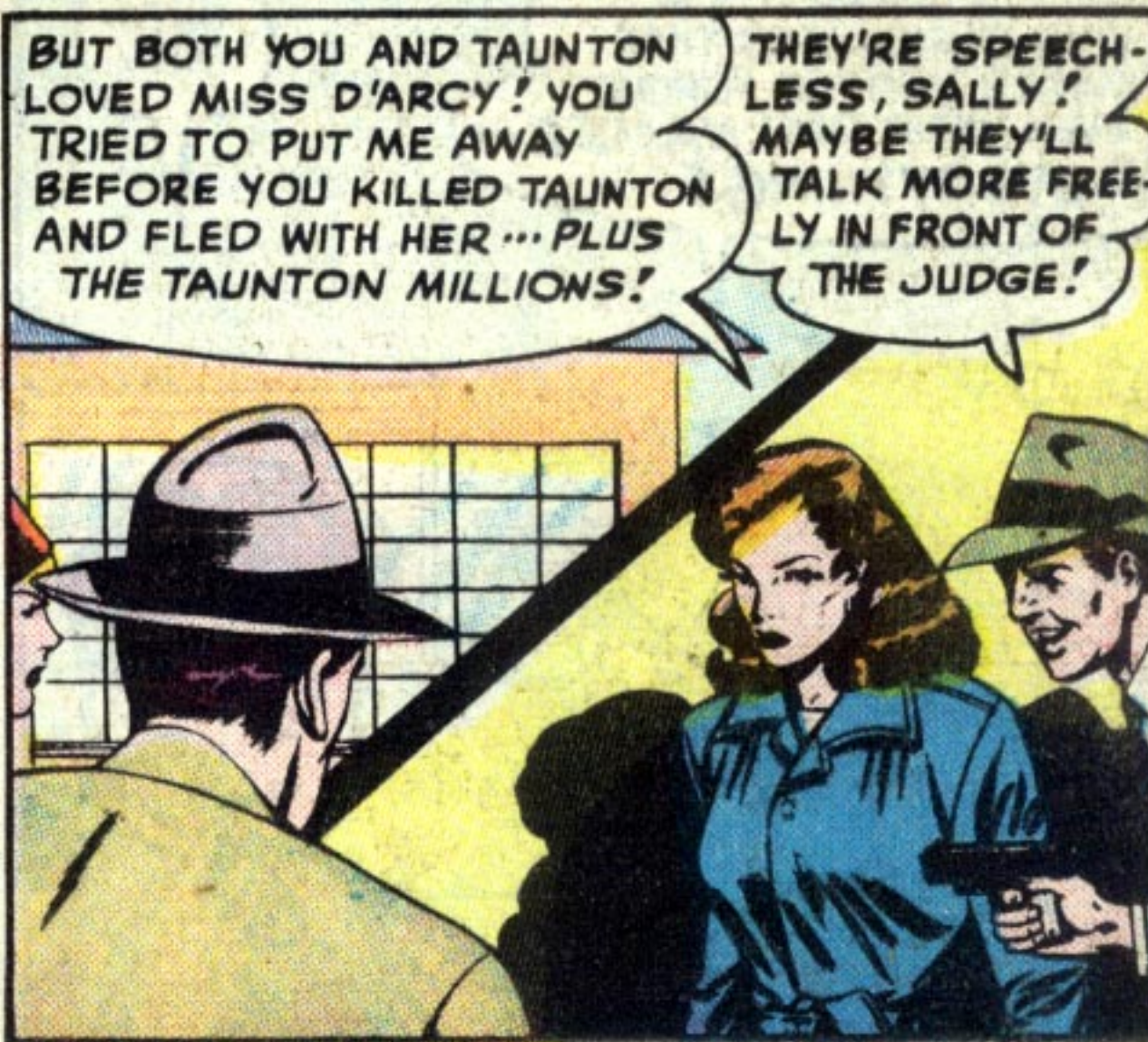
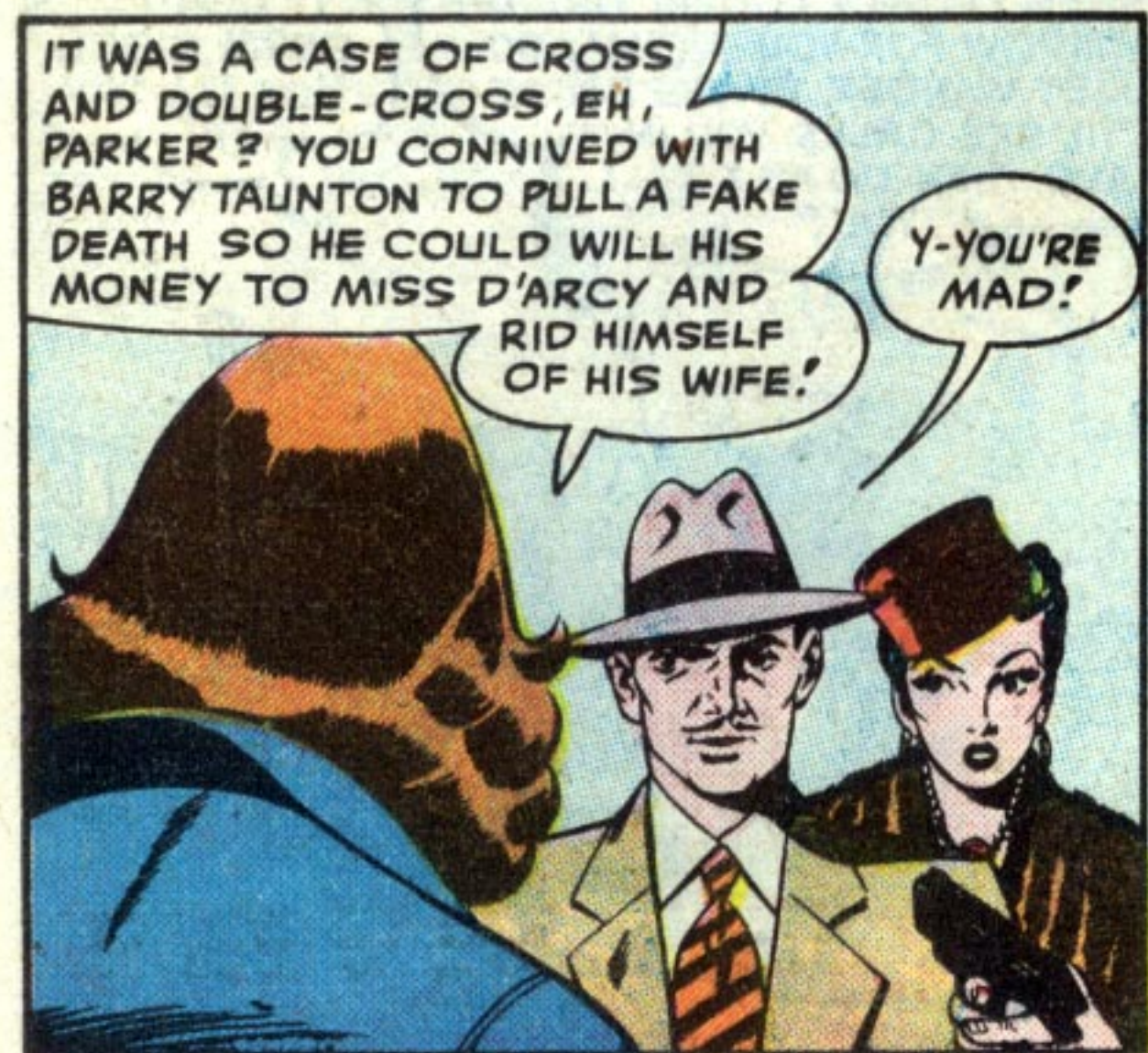
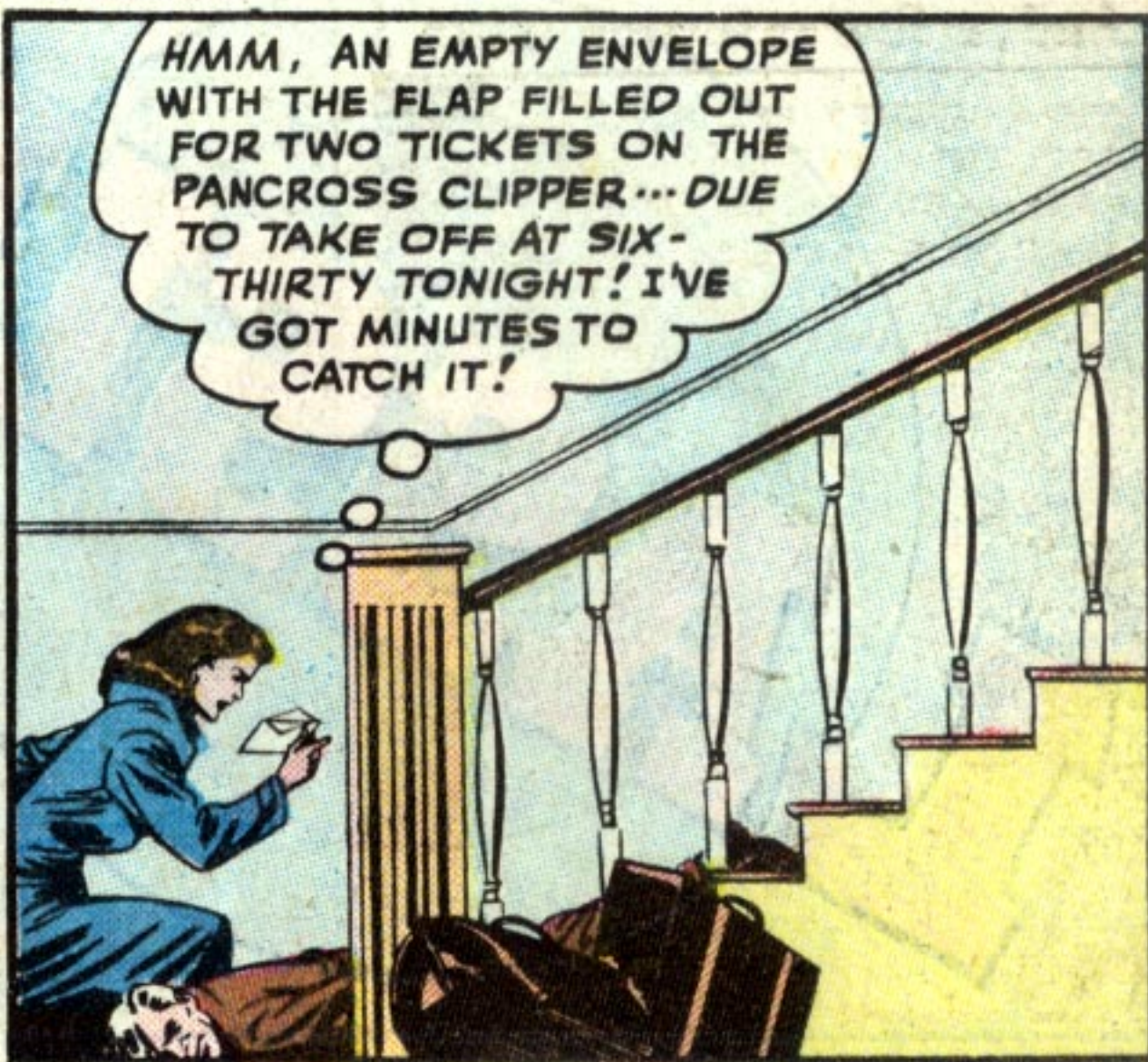




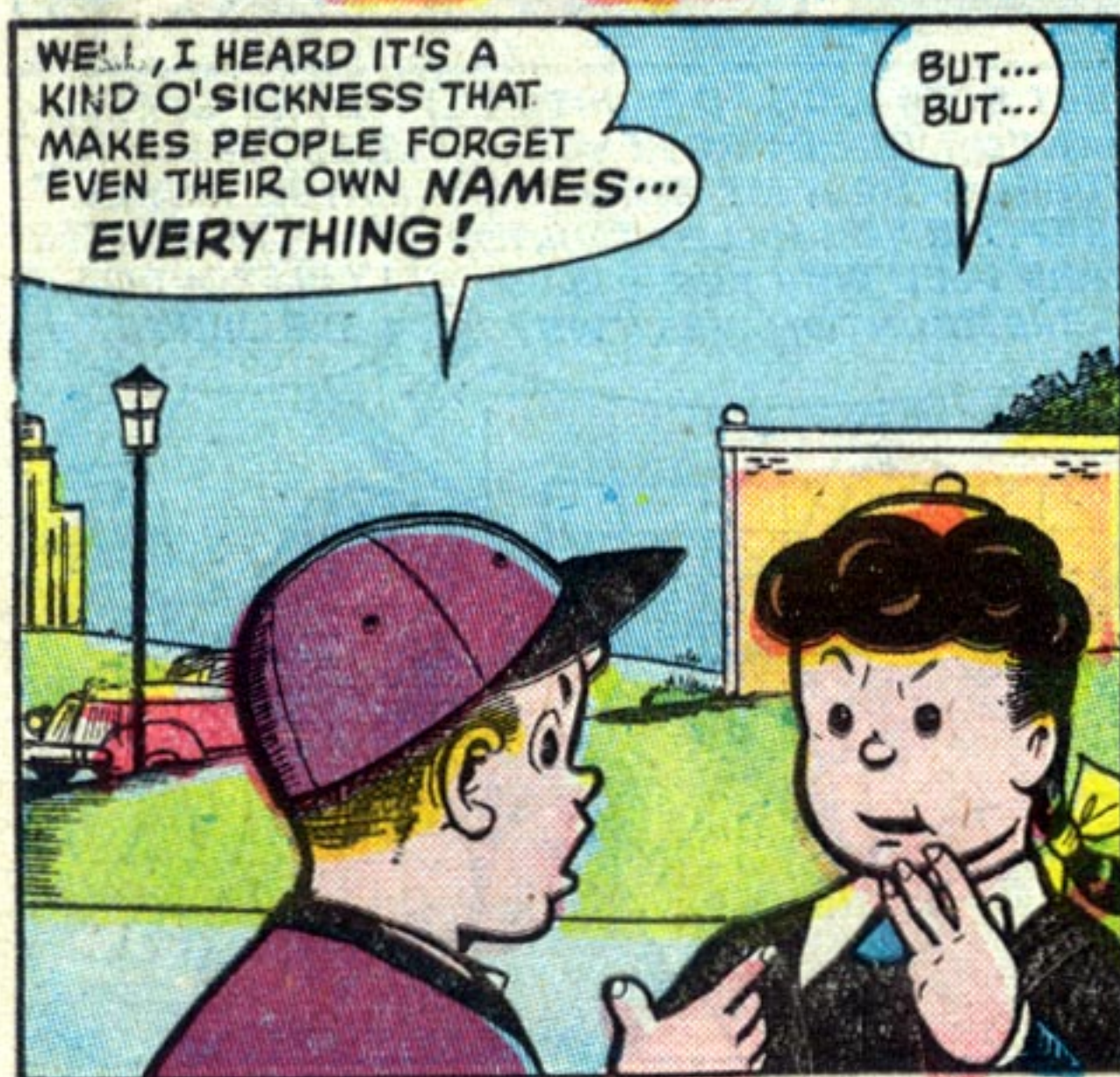


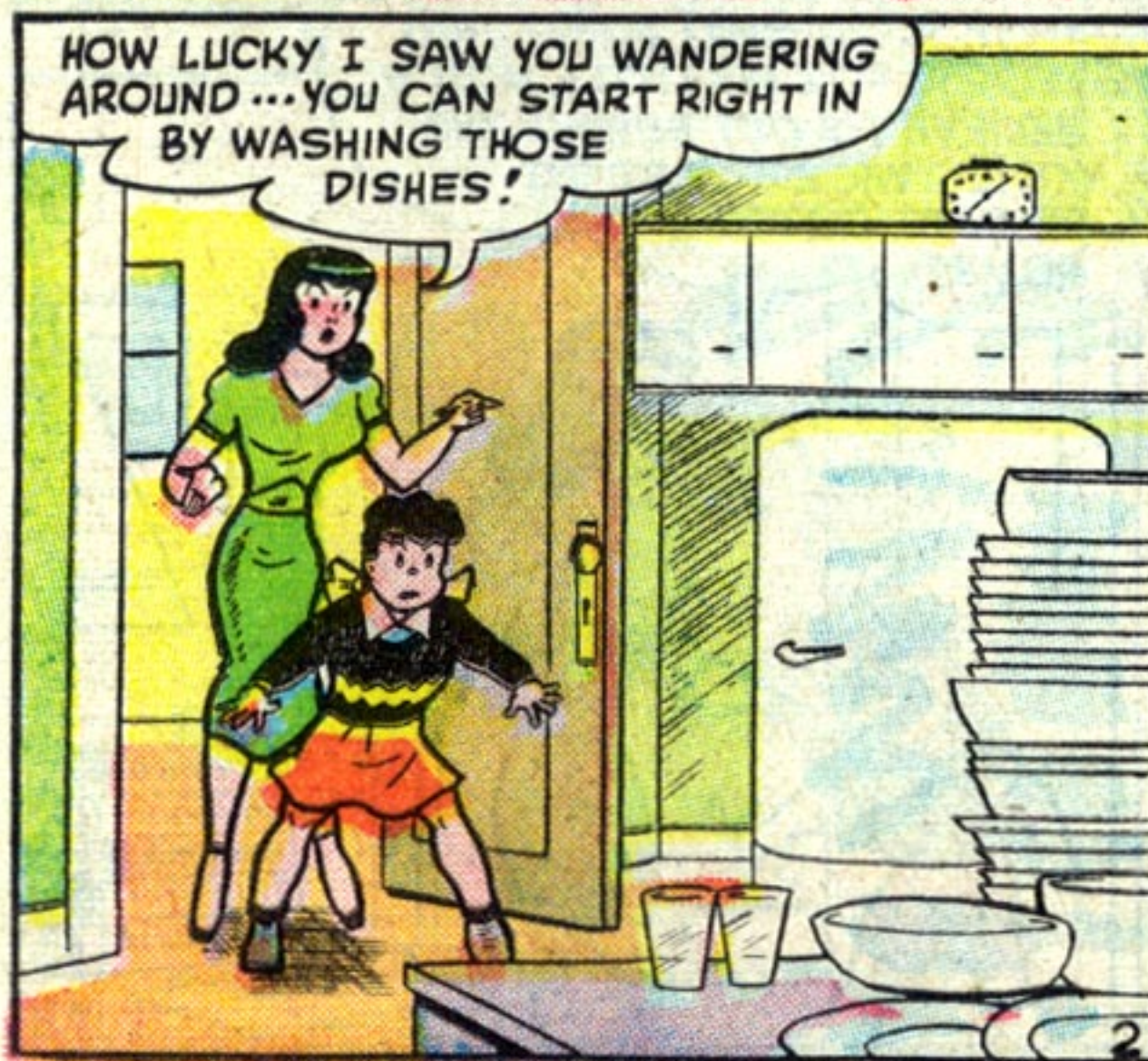
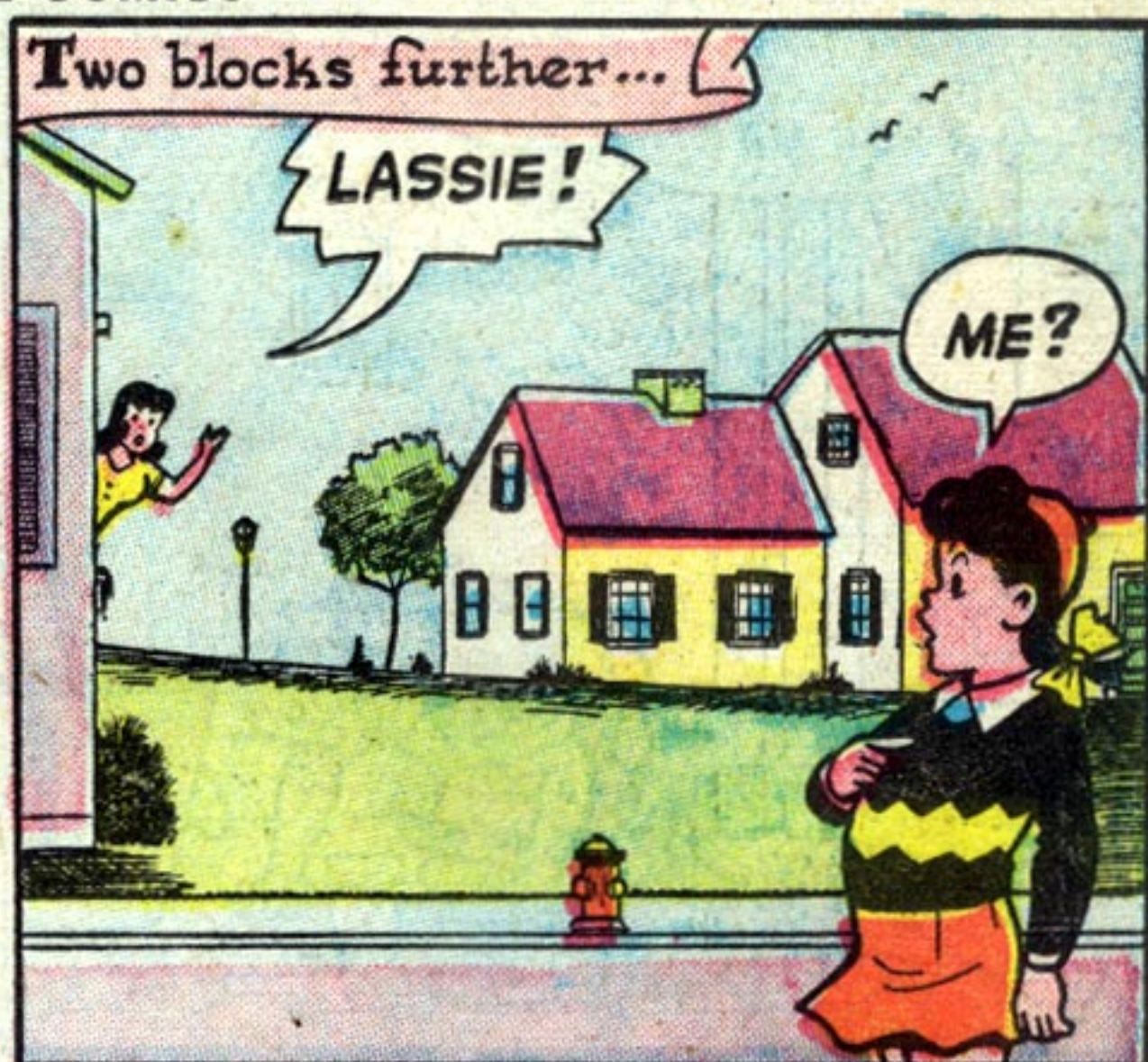
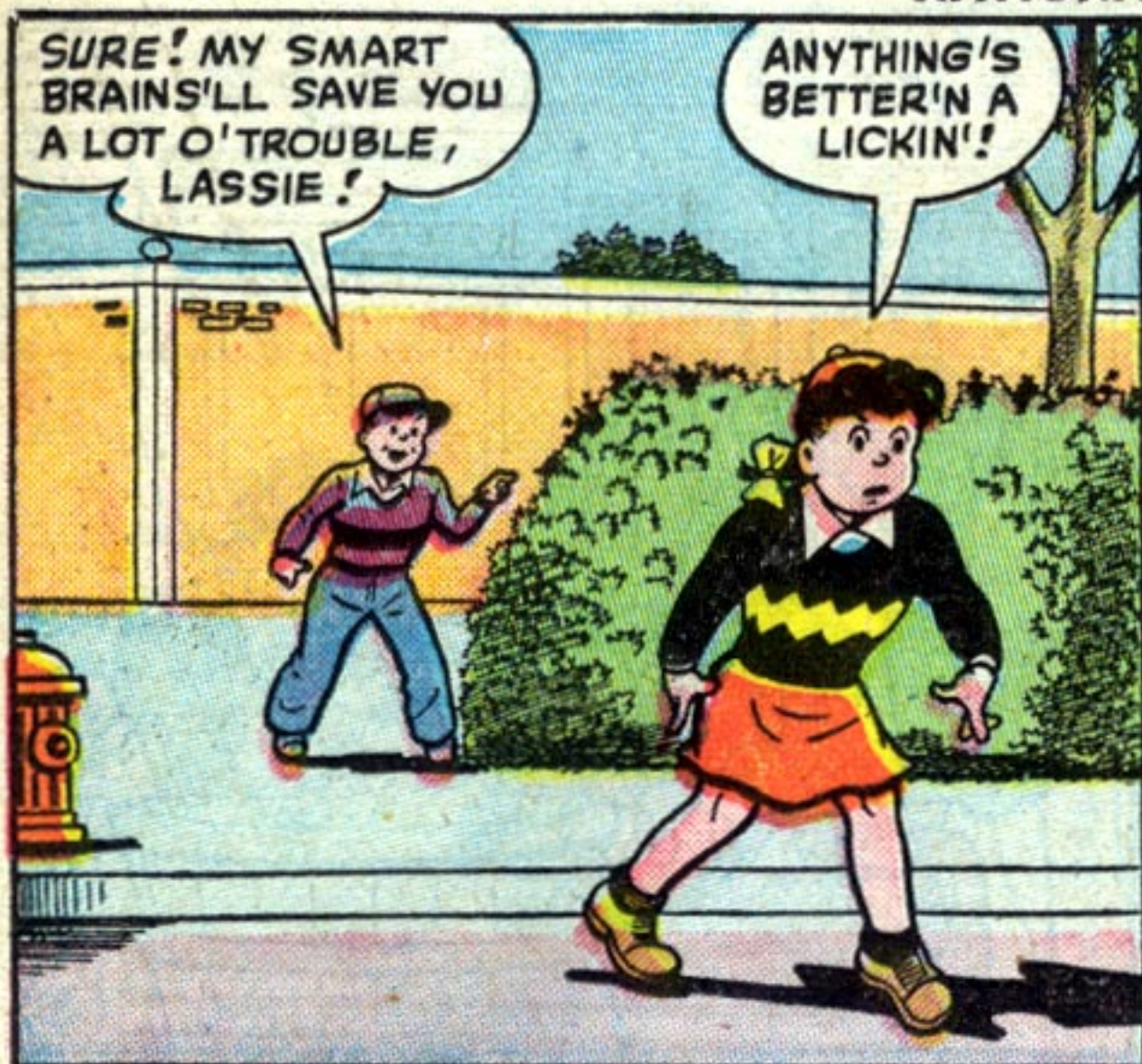


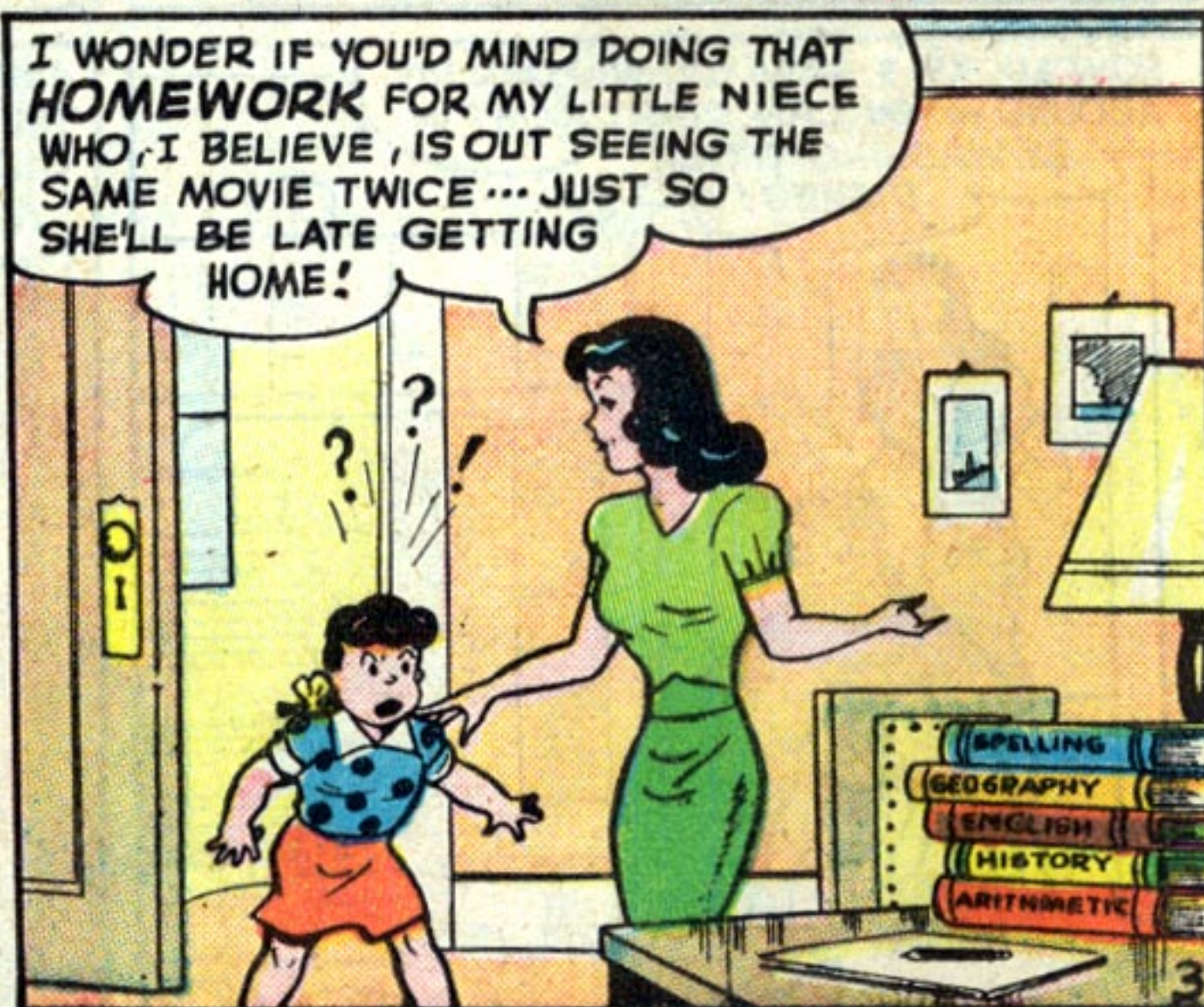
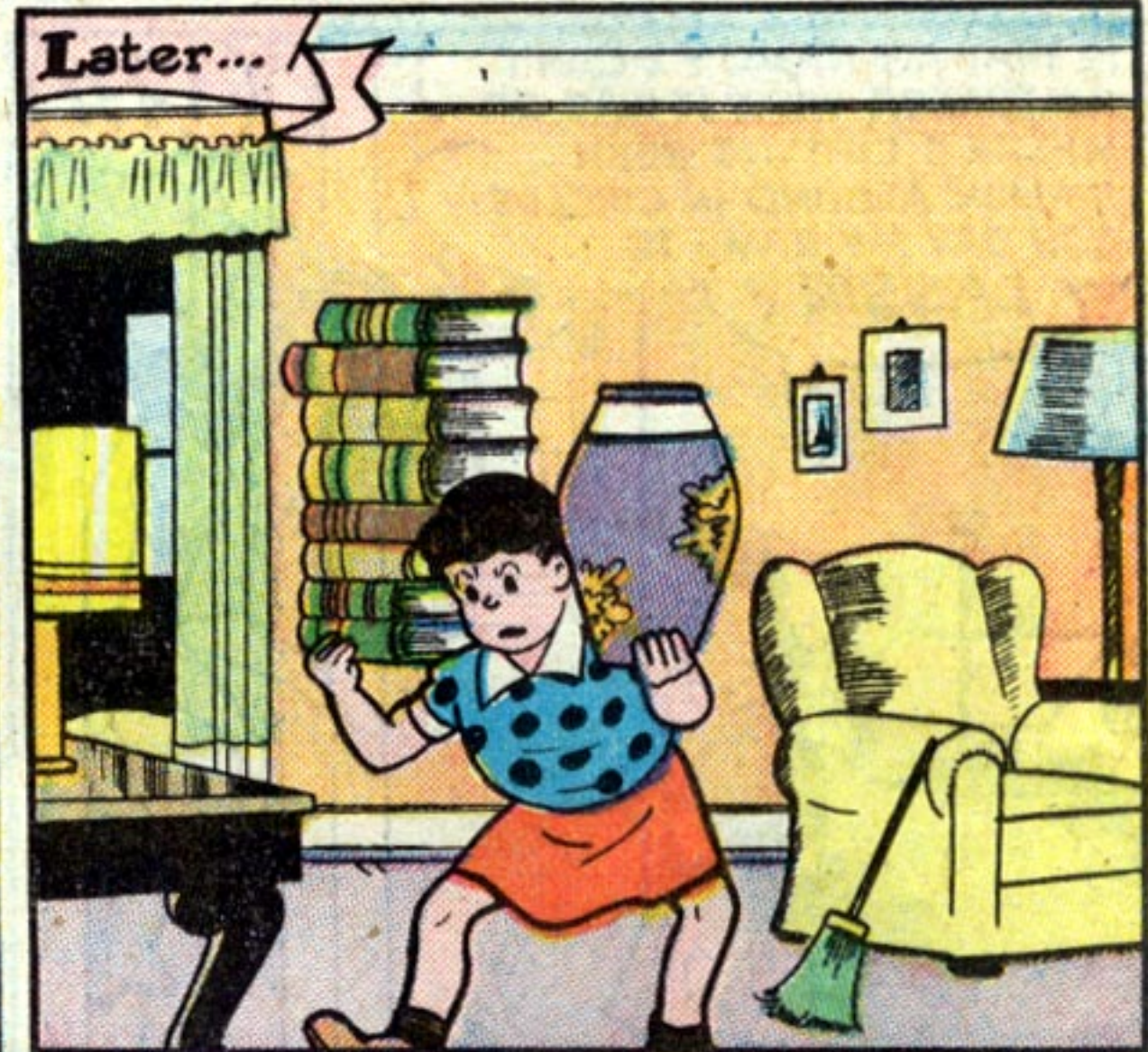
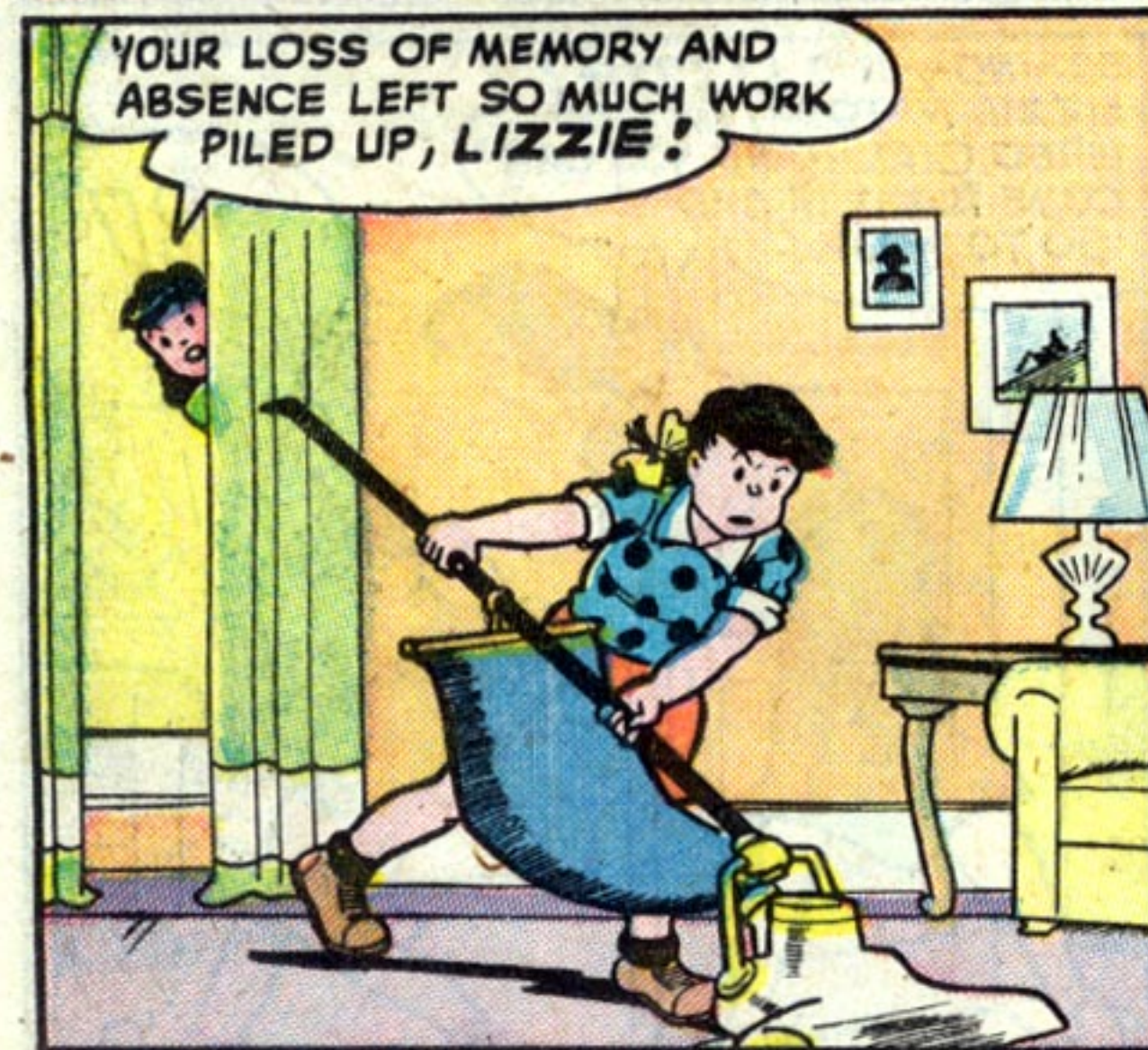


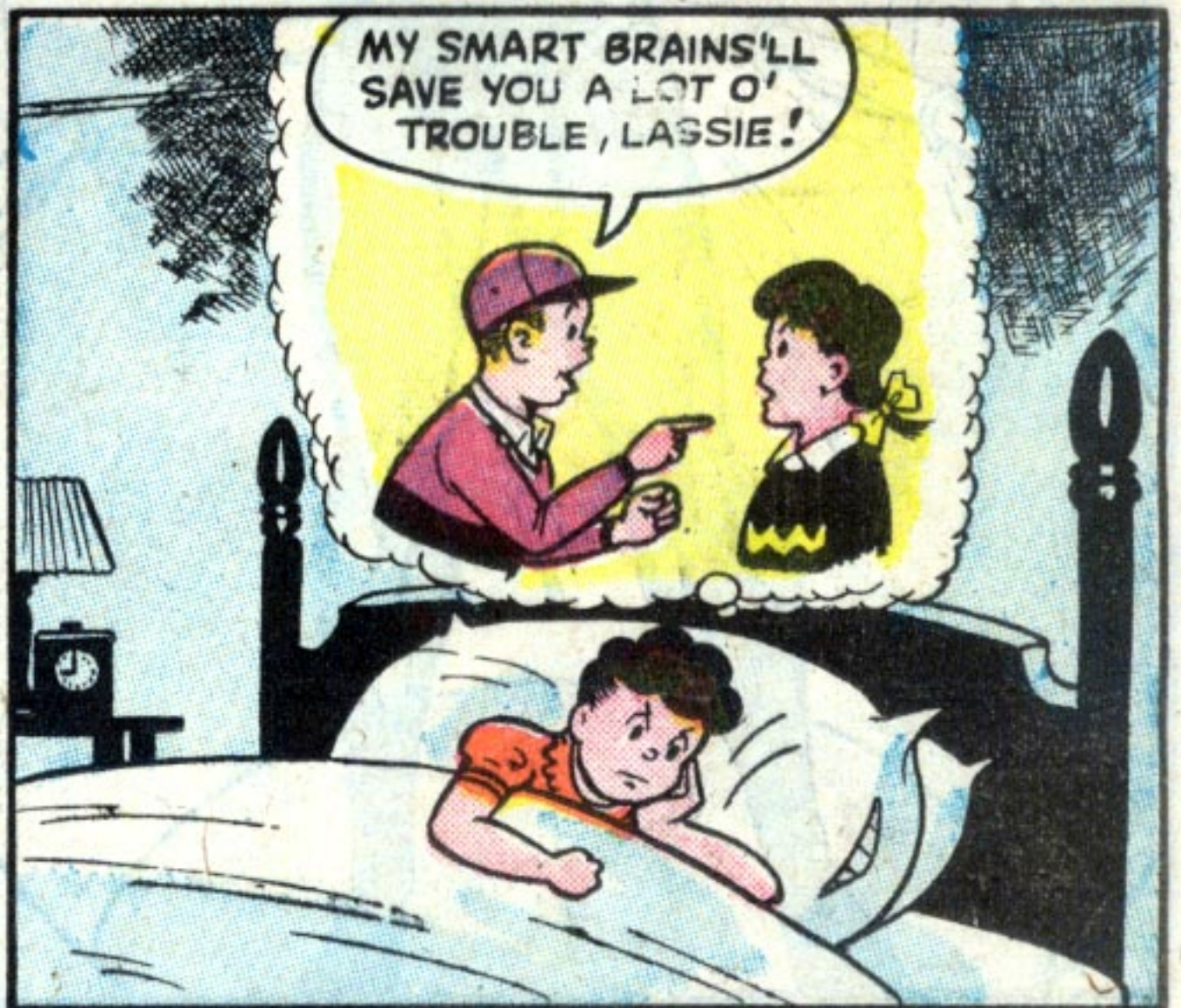


LASSIE

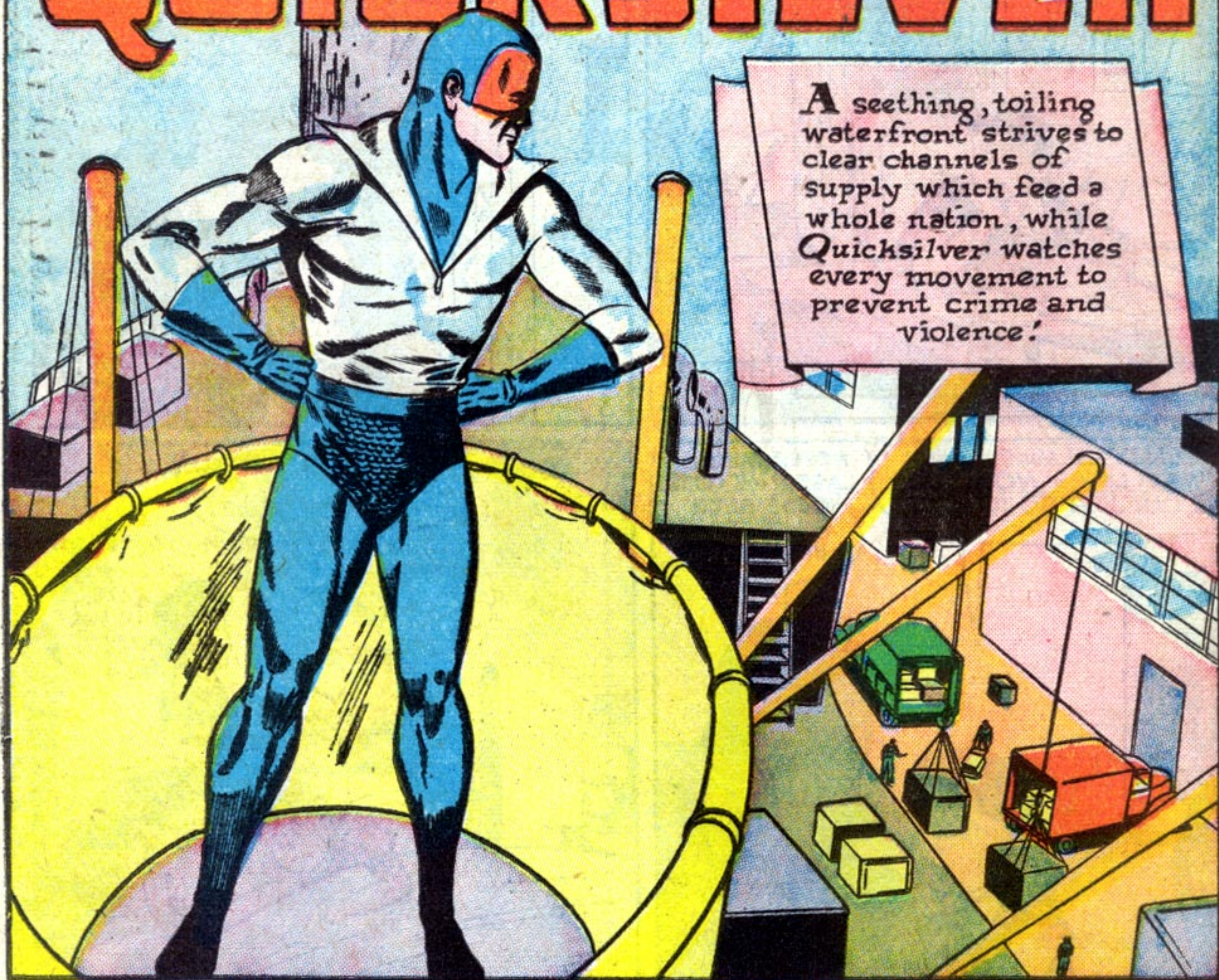








QUICKSILVER



A seething, toiling waterfront strives to clear channels of supply which feed a whole nation, while Quicksilver watches every movement to prevent crime and violence!

A former troop transport lies anchored at a lonely pier...

HI, MATE!
I'M YOUR NEW
RELIEF!

WH..? NEW RELIEF?
I'M NOT SUPPOSED
TO GO OFF DUTY FOR
TWO HOURS YET!



I'M GIVING YOU A BREAK,
BUDDY! I CAME DOWN
EARLY TO GET ACCUSTOMED
TO THE ROUTINE! GO AHEAD
AND TAKE OFF BEFORE I
CHANGE MY
MIND!

OKAY,
MAC!
THANKS!



THE DUMB CLUCK! HE'S
BEING RELIEVED, ALL
RIGHT... BUT
GOOD!







HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS! I HAVE A HUNCH THINGS ARE GOING TO START POPPING AROUND HERE!



IT'S AN S.O.S. FROM THE CHARTERED YACHT "HIGH TIDE"! SHE'S BEING SHELLED, SIR!

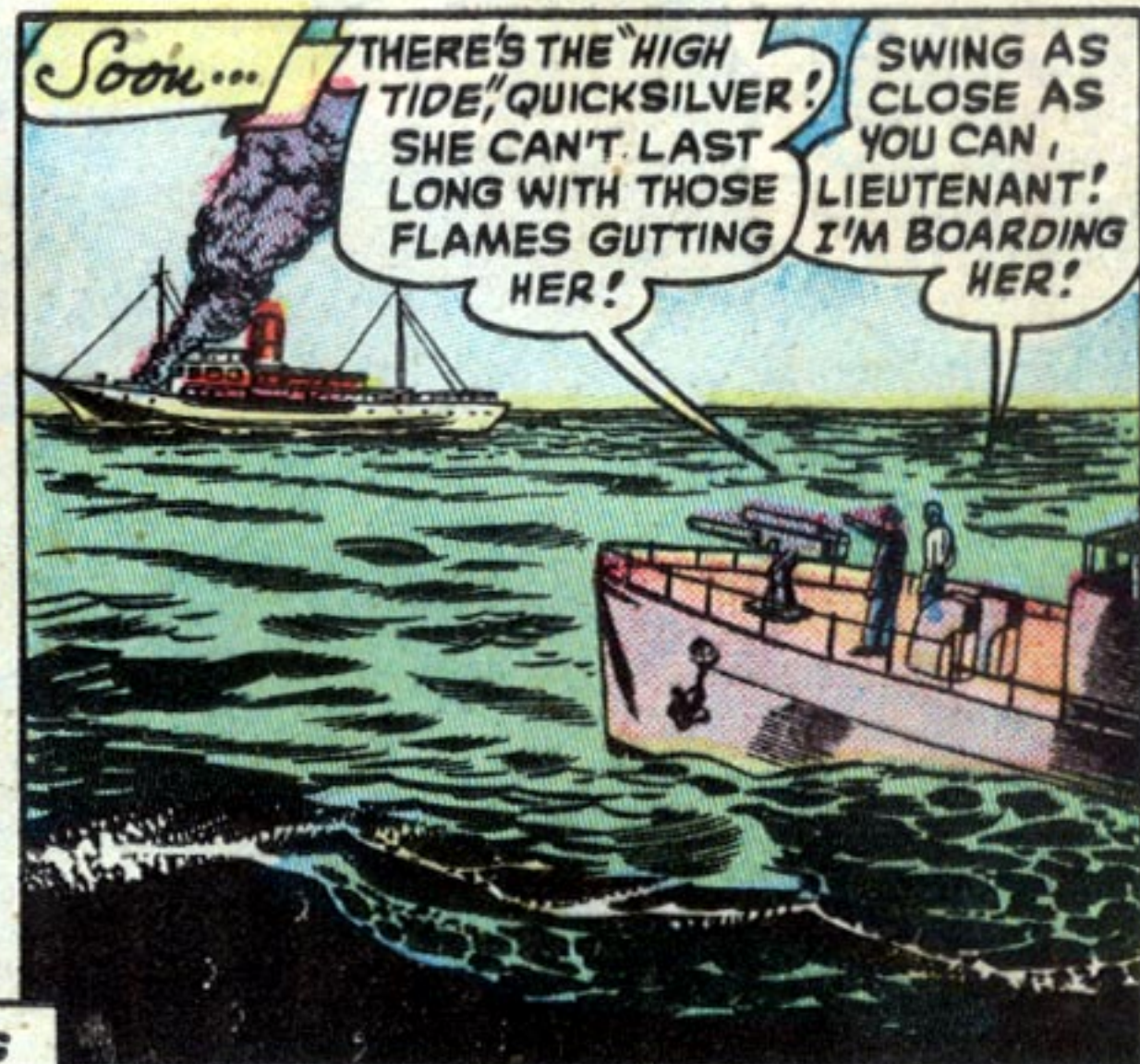
SHELLED? THAT'S AMAZING! GET HER POSITION!



I WAS ON MY WAY HERE TO WARN YOU SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN! HAVE YOU A FAST CRAFT HANDY, LIEUTENANT?

QUICKSILVER! I'M GLAD YOU DROPPED IN! WE'RE GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP!

I'VE GOT THEIR POSITION, SIR!



Soon...

THERE'S THE "HIGH TIDE," QUICKSILVER! SHE CAN'T LAST LONG WITH THOSE FLAMES GUTTING HER!

SWING AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN, LIEUTENANT! I'M BOARDING HER!



WE'LL GET YOU AND YOUR PASSENGERS OFF FIRST, CAPTAIN, AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE, QUICKSILVER! ALL OUR LIFEBOATS ARE ABLAZE!

Aboard the cutter...

... AND SUDDENLY WE FOUND OURSELVES BEING SHELLED! A GANG OF CUTTHROATS BOARDED US AND MADE OFF WITH EVERY BIT OF JEWELRY AND CASH MY PASSENGERS WERE CARRYING!

NO USE ASKING WHICH WAY THEY WENT! THEY MUST BE MILES AWAY BY NOW!



I'LL BET THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE A SERIES OF HIT AND RUN STRIKES, LIEUTENANT! CAN YOU TELL ME IF ANY OTHER CHARTERED YACHTS ARE CRUISING IN THIS AREA?

THERE'S ONLY ONE-- THE "SEA GULL"! SHE'S BEEN CHARTERED BY ALFRED DRAKE, THE MILLIONAIRE, FOR A TWO DAY CRUISE PARTY!

Minutes later...

THAT'S HER NOW! SHE LOOKS ALL RIGHT!

WITH ALL THOSE SOCIETY PEOPLE ABOARD, SHE'D MAKE A NEAT TARGET FOR THOSE HOODLUMS! I'LL BOARD HER AND YOU TRY TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND HER STERN!

WH...? IT'S QUICKSILVER! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

THERE'S A COAST GUARD CUTTER TRAILING BEHIND! NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT YET! BUT WHERE'S YOUR SKIPPER?

AND THAT'S THE STORY, SIR! THIS YACHT MAY BE THEIR NEXT VICTIM!

AND IF I UNDERSTAND YOU CORRECTLY, WE ARE TO LET THEM APPROACH AND BOARD US!

SIR, A STRANGE VESSEL HAS JUST FIRED A SHOT ACROSS OUR BOW!

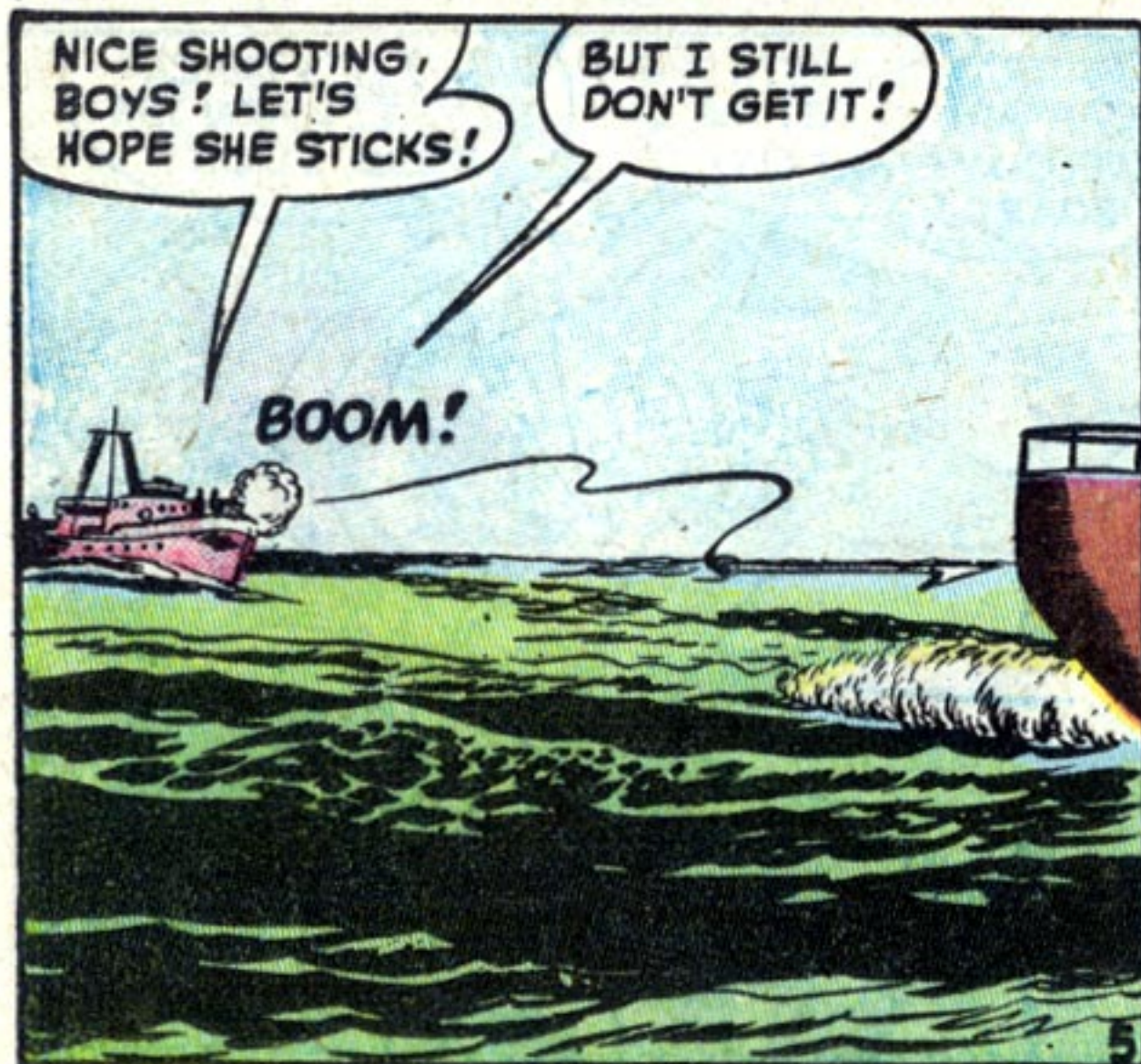
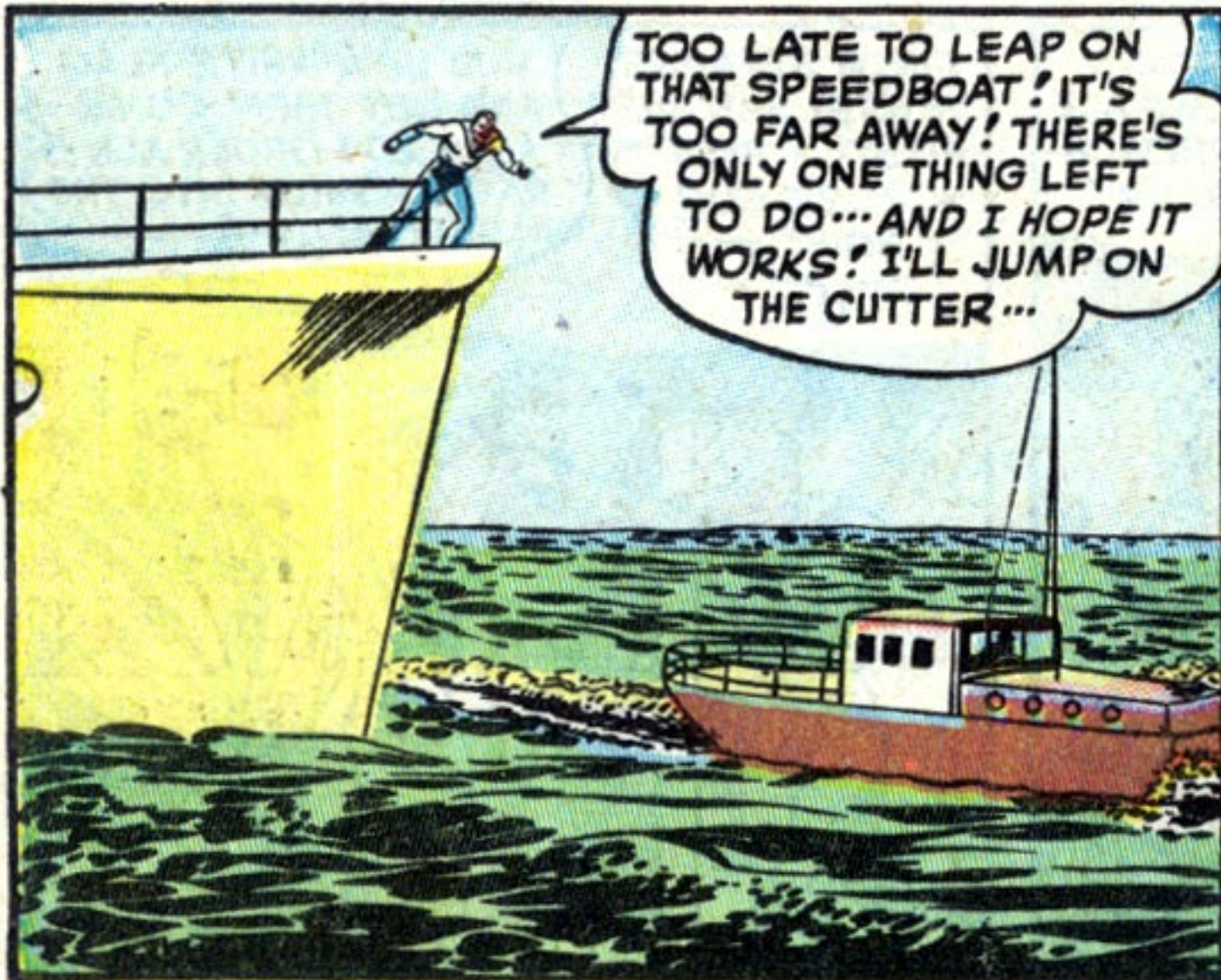
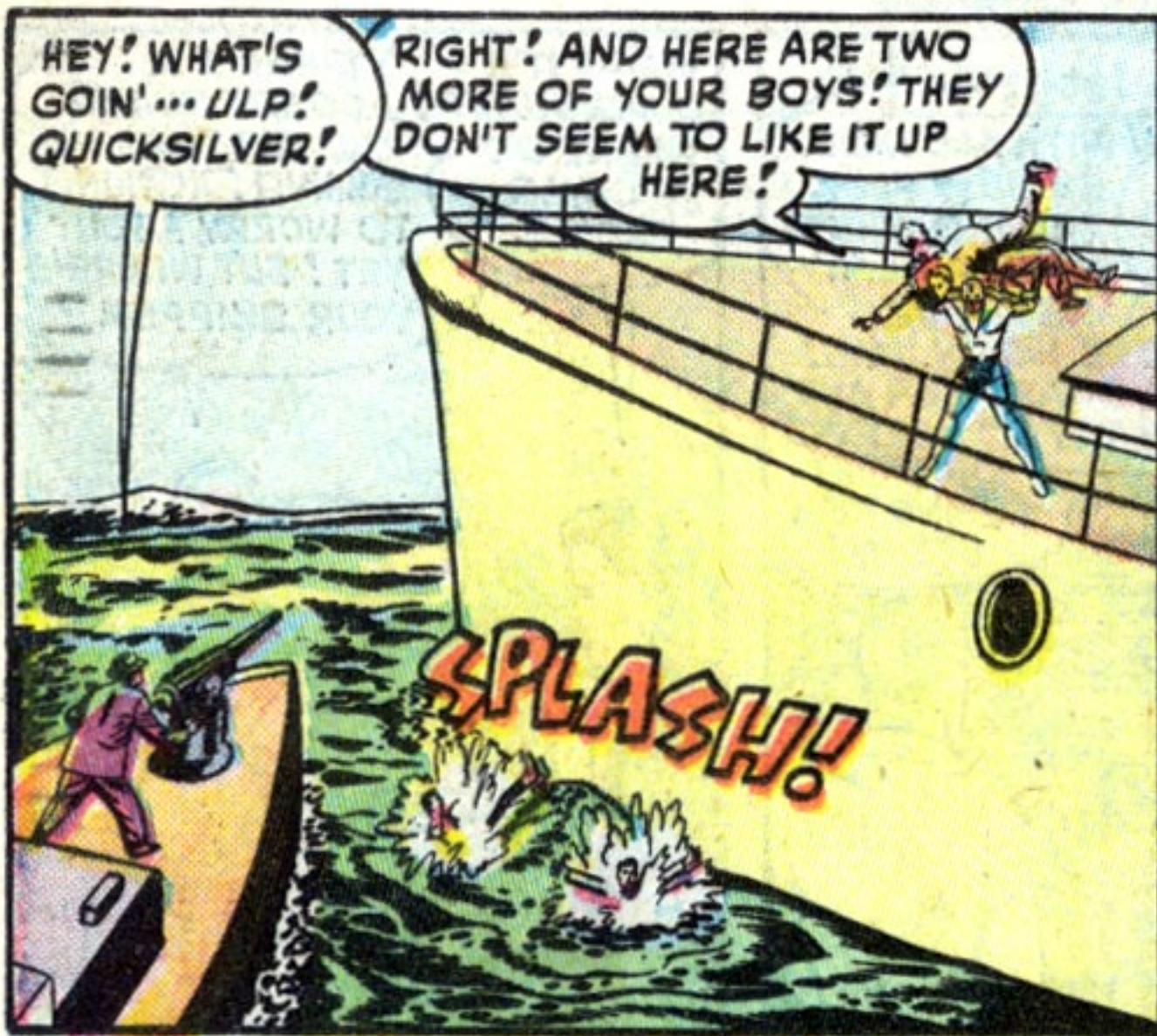
RUN UP A WHITE FLAG AND LET THEM COME ABOARD! ORDER ALL PASSENGERS INTO THE SALON!

WHEW! THIS IS GONNA BE A FANCY HAUL!

YEAH, TRIGGER! THE PASSENGERS MUST BE HIDING BELOW WITH THEIR YELLOW SKIPPER! THE GUY DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO STOP US!

I ARRANGED WITH THE CAPTAIN TO LET ME WELCOME YOU ON BOARD!

WH...? IT'S QUICK-SILVER! WARN THE BOSS, QUICK!



I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED SOMETHING WHEN THEY DIDN'T RESIST! WE COULD HAVE HAULED A FORTUNE IN ICE OFF THAT YACHT IF WE'D PLAYED IT RIGHT!

BUT HOW WUZ WE TO KNOW DAT QUICKSILVER WAS ABOARD?



ENJOYING YOUR CRUISE, GENTLEMEN?

GAWRRK! IT'S HIM AGAIN! PLUG HIM!



YOU'LL HAVE TO BE QUICKER ON THE DRAW NEXT TIME!

WHY, YOU...!



GO AHEAD AND SHOOT, BOYS! THESE TWO MUGS AREN'T WORTH THE PRICE OF AN EXPENSIVE TRIAL!

DUCK, STILSON! I'LL CUT DAT GUY DOWN LIKE WHEAT!



YOU DON'T MEAN CUT DOWN! YOU MEAN MOW DOWN... LIKE THIS!

OOOF!



YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT SHOCK YOURSELF, BOYS! I HATE TO GET MY FEET WET!

CRASH!



I GUESS THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE LOT OF THEM, EH, QUICKSILVER?

RIGHT, THEY'RE ALL YOURS! I THINK YOU'LL FIND THE LOOT ABOARD THE BOAT, LIEUTENANT! S'LONG NOW!



All that Glitters

"THIS is the life!" Carnie Calahan, the Barker, strolled bareheaded in the hot sunshine as if he had not a care in the world. The circus was in winter quarters in Florida, and while the entertainers practiced their next season's acts and the animals were trained, the Barker himself had a well-earned rest from most of his activities.

Now as he sauntered toward the spot where Colonel Lane was talking to some men in uniform, he gave a perfect impersonation of the laziest man in the world. Even the sight of the police chief of the small Florida town didn't arouse his curiosity, though he could see from the Colonel's red face and the bristling of his white mustache that the Colonel was excited.

"Sir," said the Colonel haughtily, "I'm not only insulted—I'm hurt! Me and my people have been coming here for years as you well know . . . and now just because some rich guy's jewels are stolen, where do you come first? To the circus!"

"Now take it easy, Colonel Lane!" protested the Chief. "In the first place I didn't come to the circus first—not by a long shot! In the second place, like I keep telling you if you'd only listen, it's just a matter of routine! Why, I know you, Colonel. I'd trust you anywhere. But this Bandervilt's an important guy and he's throwing his weight around. I just had to come to you as a matter of form, to ask you if you'll vouch for all your people. And if you do, that's all there is to it!"

"Vouch for 'em?" roared the Colonel. "Certainly I'll vouch for 'em. You don't think I'd hire jewel thieves to work for me, do you?"

"That's fine, Colonel," said the Chief, mopping his brow. "That's all I want to know. Thank you!"

He and his men disappeared hastily and the Colonel turned to the Barker. "That millionaire with an estate next to our grounds had

some valuable jewels stolen," he explained. "So of course the first thing he thought of was that Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus had a winter home next door. As if circus people were crooks!"

"Well," said Carnie, "we do pick up some queer characters once in a while—but I agree with you that our regular people are honest as the day is long." He stood thoughtfully for a moment. "However . . ." he nodded his head at a couple who were just going into the rehearsal tent.

"Say!" the Colonel exclaimed. "I was so excited, I forgot that we had two newcomers. But it's not fair to suspect them just because they haven't been with us long."

"No," said the Barker, "but you don't want to make a mistake. It would put you in a spot, having given your word that none of the circus people could have committed the robbery."

"Tell you what . . ." said the Colonel decisively. "I wouldn't have the police going through things and upsetting everybody. But you make a search of everybody's belongings. You can do it on the quiet—nobody needs to know about it at all. Then that'll keep us in the clear."

Though the Barker didn't relish the idea of poking into other people's belongings, he had to admit that it was a good idea. Picking times when the performers were out of their tents, he searched their things skillfully and thoroughly, leaving each spot in an undisturbed condition as he had found it. He found many jewels, but all of the paste variety used to ornament and enhance the various costumes.

Later, feeling that he had done his duty, he went back to the main tent to watch the rehearsals in progress. He was curious about the new couple and anxious to see them perform. They'd joined the show a week ago but strangely enough no one, not even the Colonel,

had watched their act. They talked a good show, and that's why they were getting a chance. They had come along at the psychological moment when Colonel Lane was trying to find something new to give the customers next season. They couldn't give a demonstration, they said, because Madame Villairs was recovering from a sprained ankle. The Daring Villairs, they were billed, and they had persuaded the Colonel to let them stay at least until they were able to show him what they could do.

At least they were willing to work, Carnie had to admit. Instead of killing time, they had appeared in costume each day to stand around the big tent. But he was anxious to see them in action. Now as he looked around, he saw Madame Villairs in her bouffant skirt heavy with colorful jewels, a jeweled girdle clasped about her waist. She stood beside her husband, talking animatedly.

She moved forward, limping slightly, and the Barker's eyes narrowed. Funny . . . he felt sure he had seen her limp on her right foot, but today it seemed to be the left one she favored. He looked more closely, then shook his head. Must be his imagination playing tricks. After all, she should know which ankle was injured.

The Barker turned at the sound of heavy footsteps. Colonel Lane was approaching the big tent, and with him once more were the police chief and some of his men. The faces of all of them were stern, and Carnie knew at one glance that there was trouble ahead.

The Barker moved to meet them at the tent entrance. "Come on," the Colonel said to him without stopping, so Carnie trailed the group as it moved into the center of the big area.

"Laa-dies and gentlemen!" shouted the Colonel. Everyone in the tent gave him immediate attention. Those members of the circus who were not there were sent for, by the Colonel's orders. A feeling of impending trouble spread quickly through the crowd and they waited breathlessly for the Colonel to speak.

Quickly the Colonel explained. First he told them the story Carnie had already heard, of

the jewel theft. He told about the first visit of the police, and how he had vouched for the circus people and the police chief had accepted his word.

"But now," he continued, "the police are back again. They've done more investigating—and every clue they've uncovered leads toward the circus. One of the thieves set off a burglar alarm accidentally. Immediately a search was started and the exits blocked. The only way in which an escape could have been made was into the circus quarters. The evidence is conclusive. There's nothing left for me to do but admit I was wrong, and let the police take over."

Silence greeted the Colonel's words. The circus people stared at each other in dismay. Thieves in their midst! Instinctively the glances came to rest on the two strangers, Madame and Monsieur Villairs. Carnie, too, looked at the Villairs, but he shook his head. Even if they were the thieves, he couldn't see how it could be proved. He'd searched their things carefully without discovering the loot, and certainly their brief costumes left no place for concealing bulky jewels.

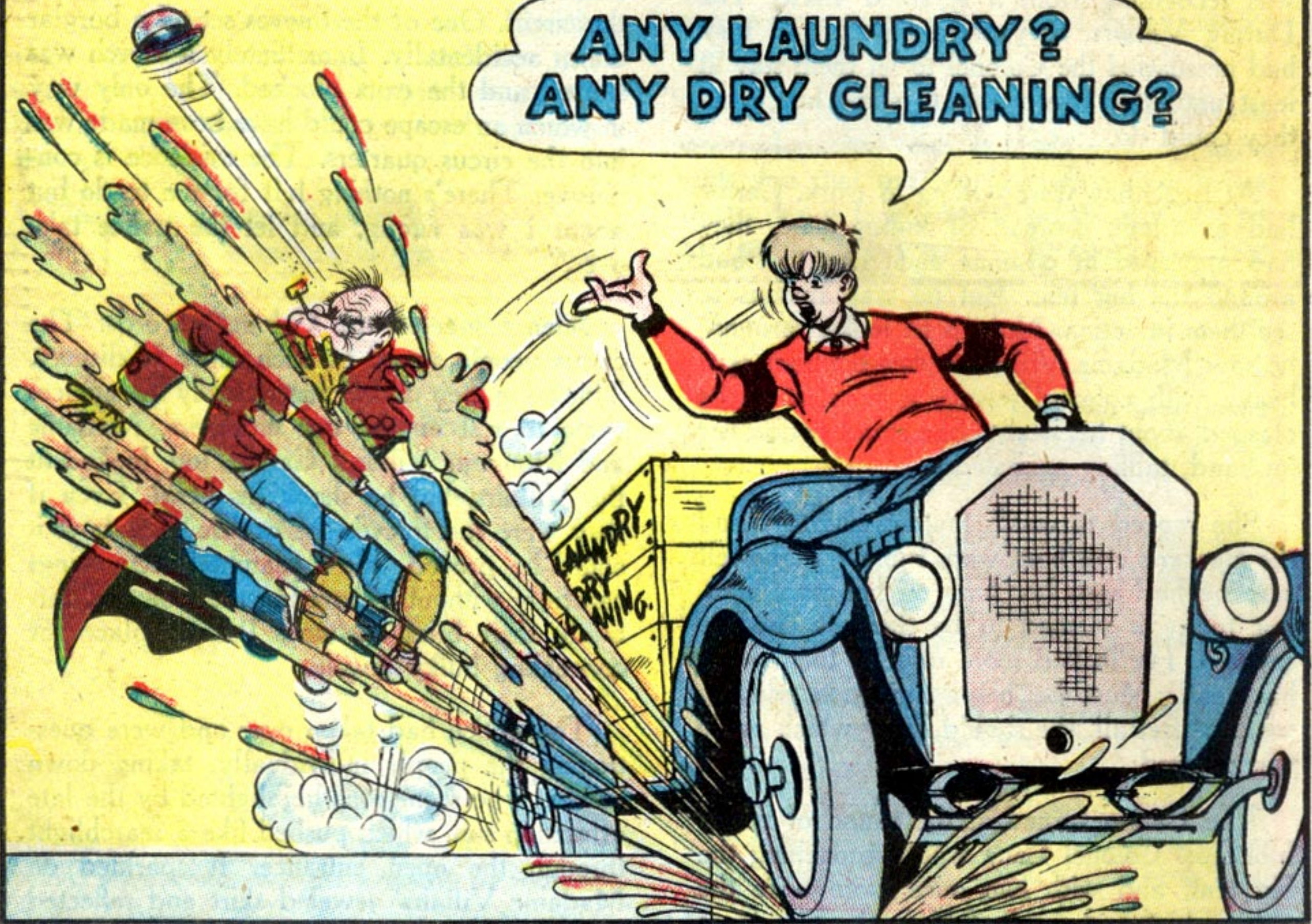
The police had taken over and were questioning the people individually, taking down names. The scene was highlighted by the late afternoon sun, which pushed like a searchlight through the open entrance. It sparkled on Madame Villairs' jeweled skirt and reflected back into Carnie's eyes. He moved aside to avoid it—and then he stiffened.

"Stop!" he shouted. When everyone had turned to look, he pointed dramatically—to the skirt of Madame Villairs. "You'll find the stolen jewels there," he said to the police chief, "cleverly mixed in with the paste stones."

The Villairs tried to make a break for it, but they didn't have a chance. Once the skirt was inspected carefully, it became obvious where the stolen jewels had been hidden . . . in plain sight. The Villairs had planned well, using the circus as a cover, and Madame Villairs' fake injury as an excuse for not performing. But they had figured without allowing for the sharp eyes and the quick wits of the Barker.

ANTHROP

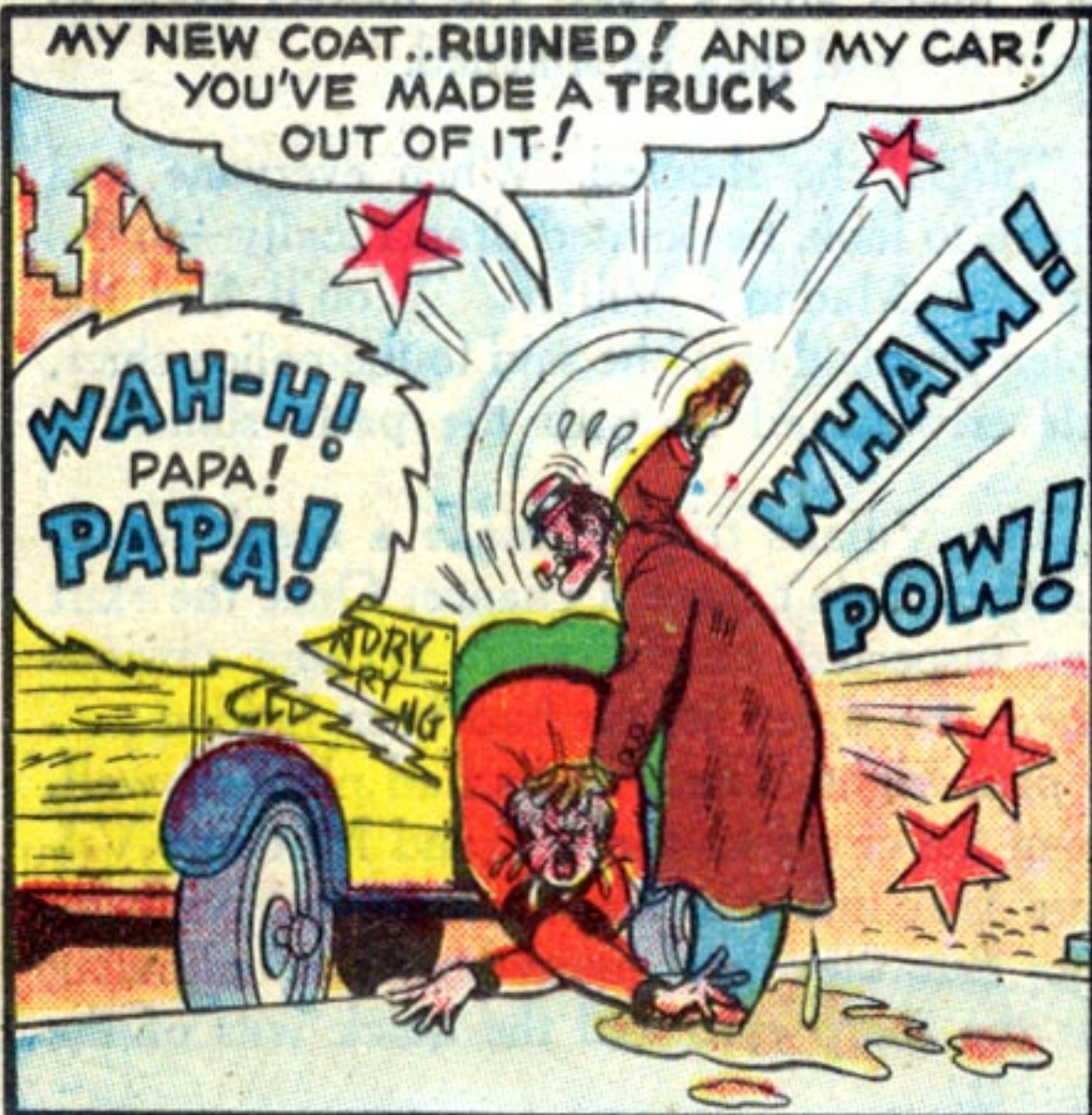
ANY LAUNDRY?
ANY DRY CLEANING?



MY NEW COAT..RUINED! AND MY CAR!
YOU'VE MADE A TRUCK
OUT OF IT!

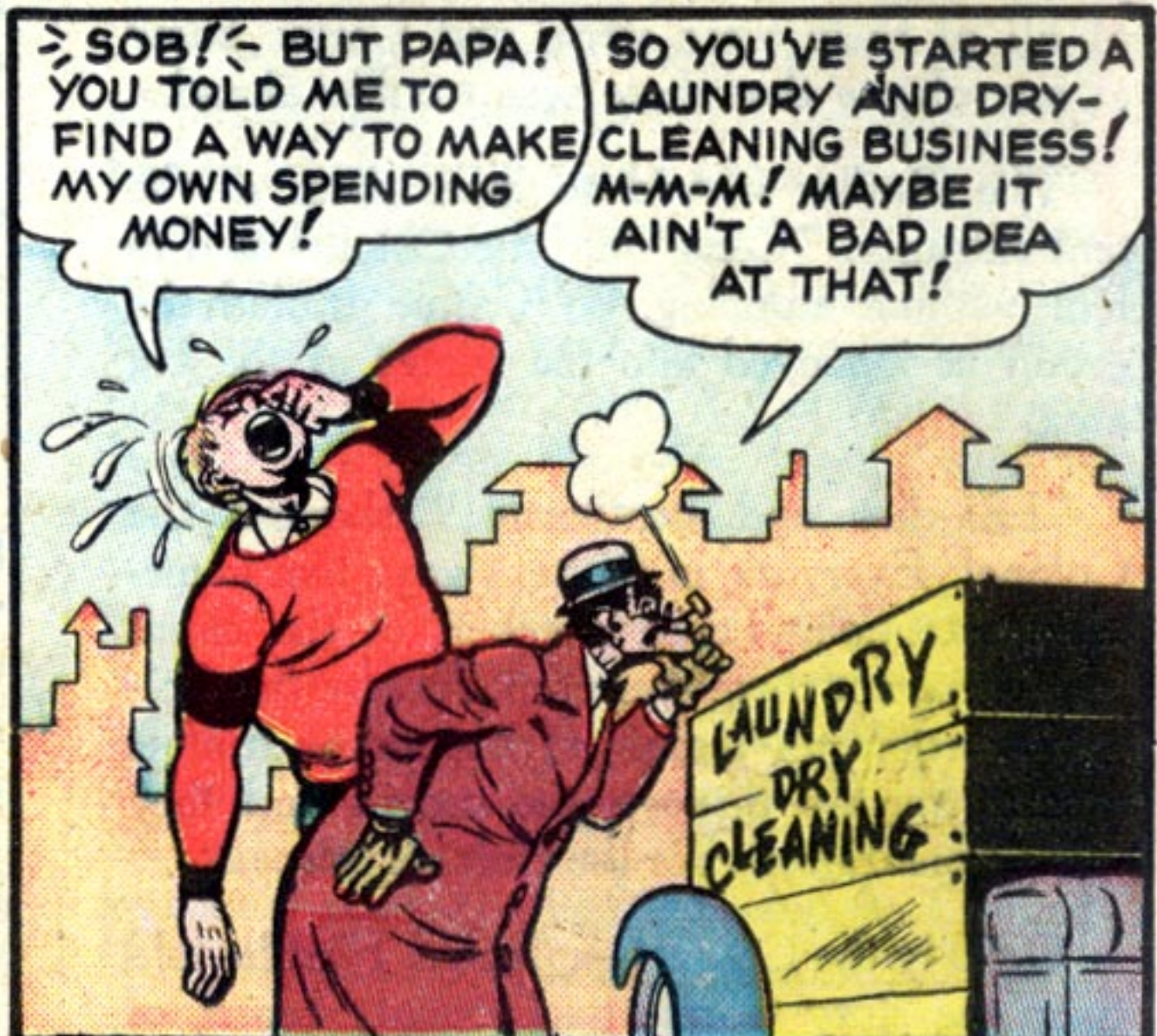
WAH-H!
PAPA!
PAPA!

WHAM!
POW!



SOB! BUT PAPA!
YOU TOLD ME TO
FIND A WAY TO MAKE
MY OWN SPENDING
MONEY!

SO YOU'VE STARTED A
LAUNDRY AND DRY-
CLEANING BUSINESS!
M-M-M! MAYBE IT
AIN'T A BAD IDEA
AT THAT!



OMAR AND I ARE PARTNERS, PAPA! WE'RE GONNA USE OUR CLUBHOUSE FOR A LAUNDRY AND DRY-CLEANING PLANT!



HOW MUCH D'YA THINK WE OUGHTA CHARGE FOR A BIG BUNDLE LIKE THIS, ANTHROP?

I'D SAY ABOUT TWO BUCKS, OMAR!



DON'T BE A FOOL, ANTHROP! WASHING THAT MUCH STUFF IS WORTH AT LEAST TEN BUCKS!

IT IS?



SURE! THIS BUNDLE IS PACKED TIGHT! CHARGE 'EM TWELVE BUCKS!

GOSH! THAT'S TOO MUCH!



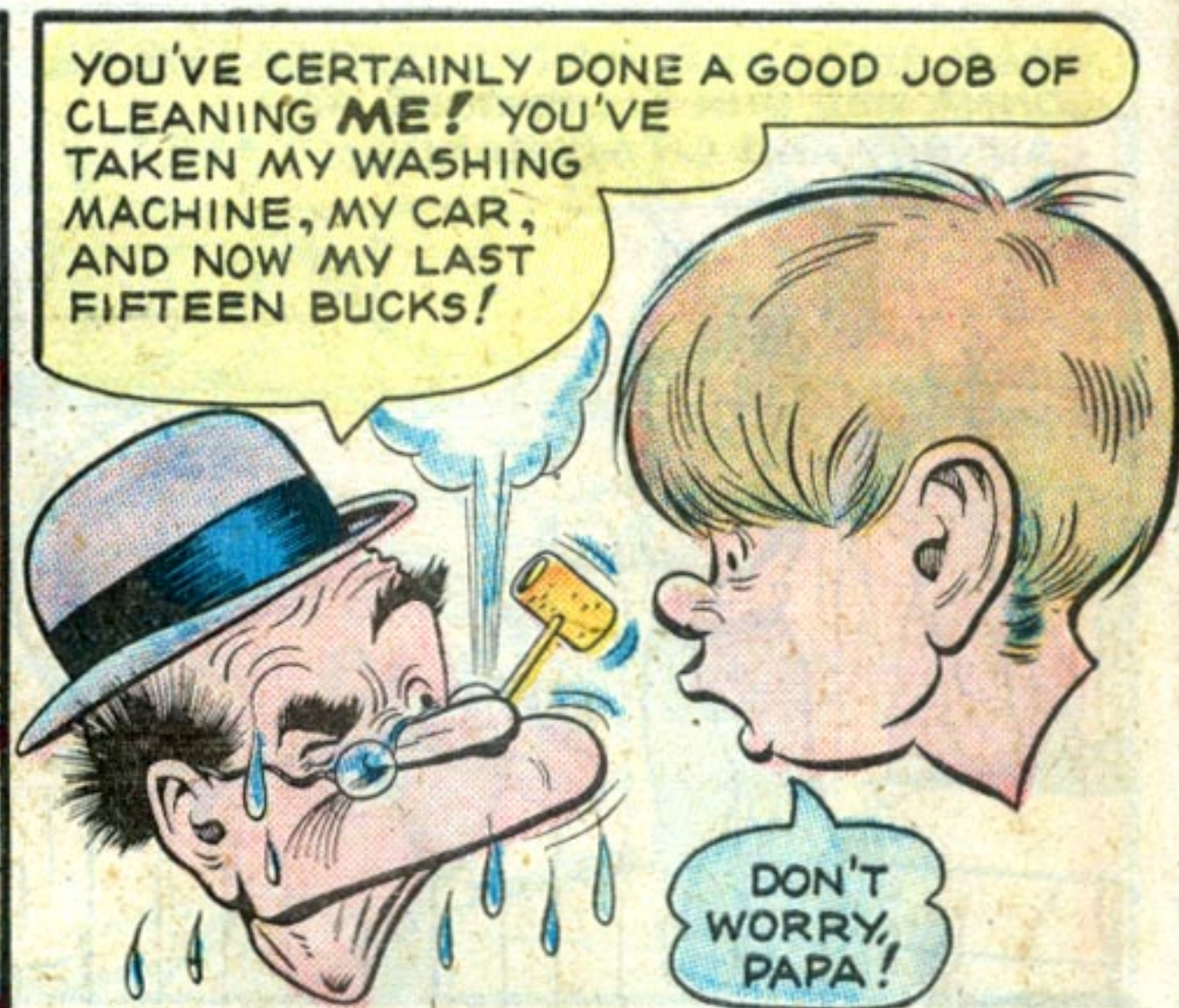
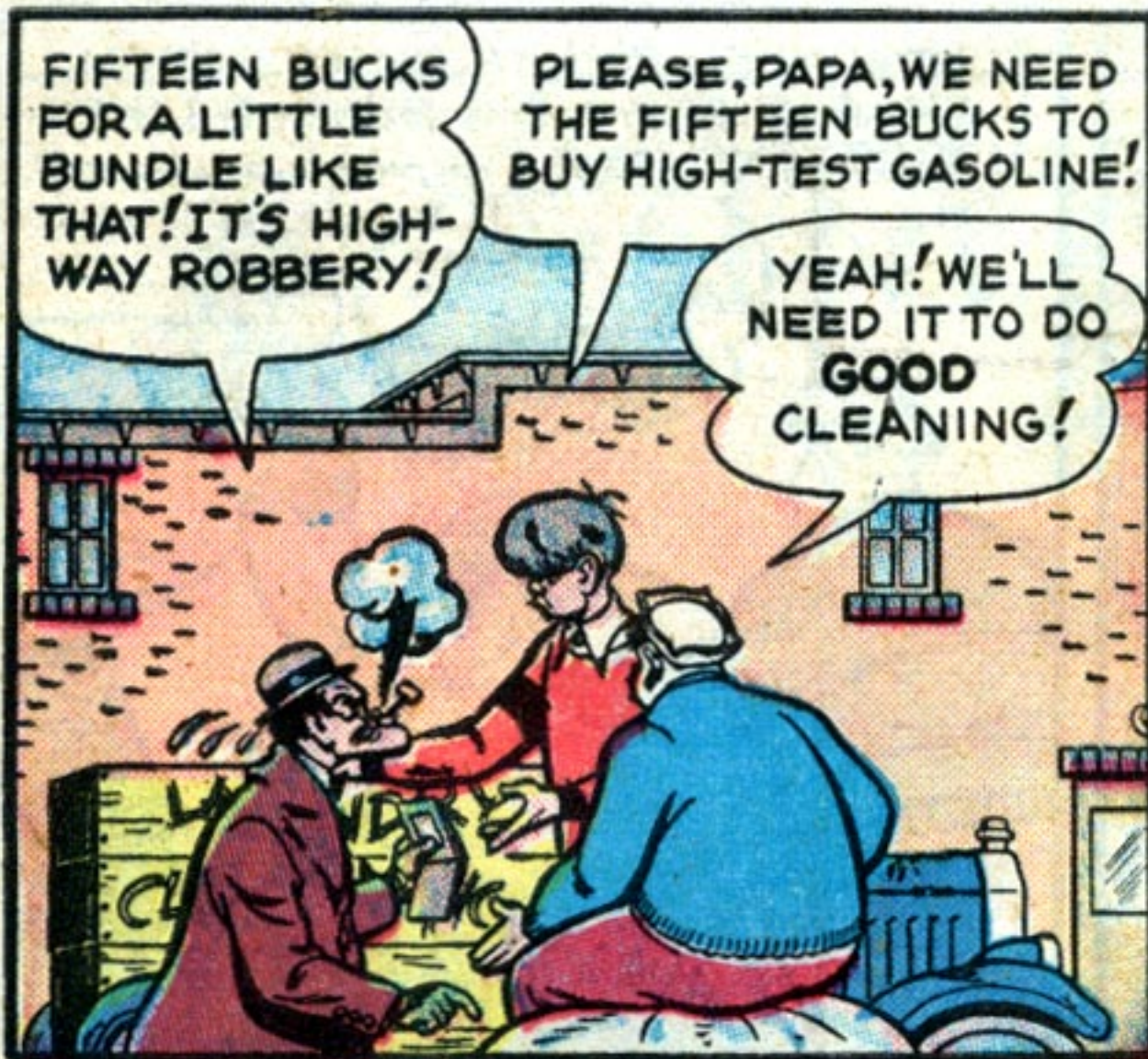
NONSENSE! YA WANTA MAKE MONEY, DON'T YA? WHY, I'D DEMAND FIFTEEN BUCKS FOR THIS... IN ADVANCE!

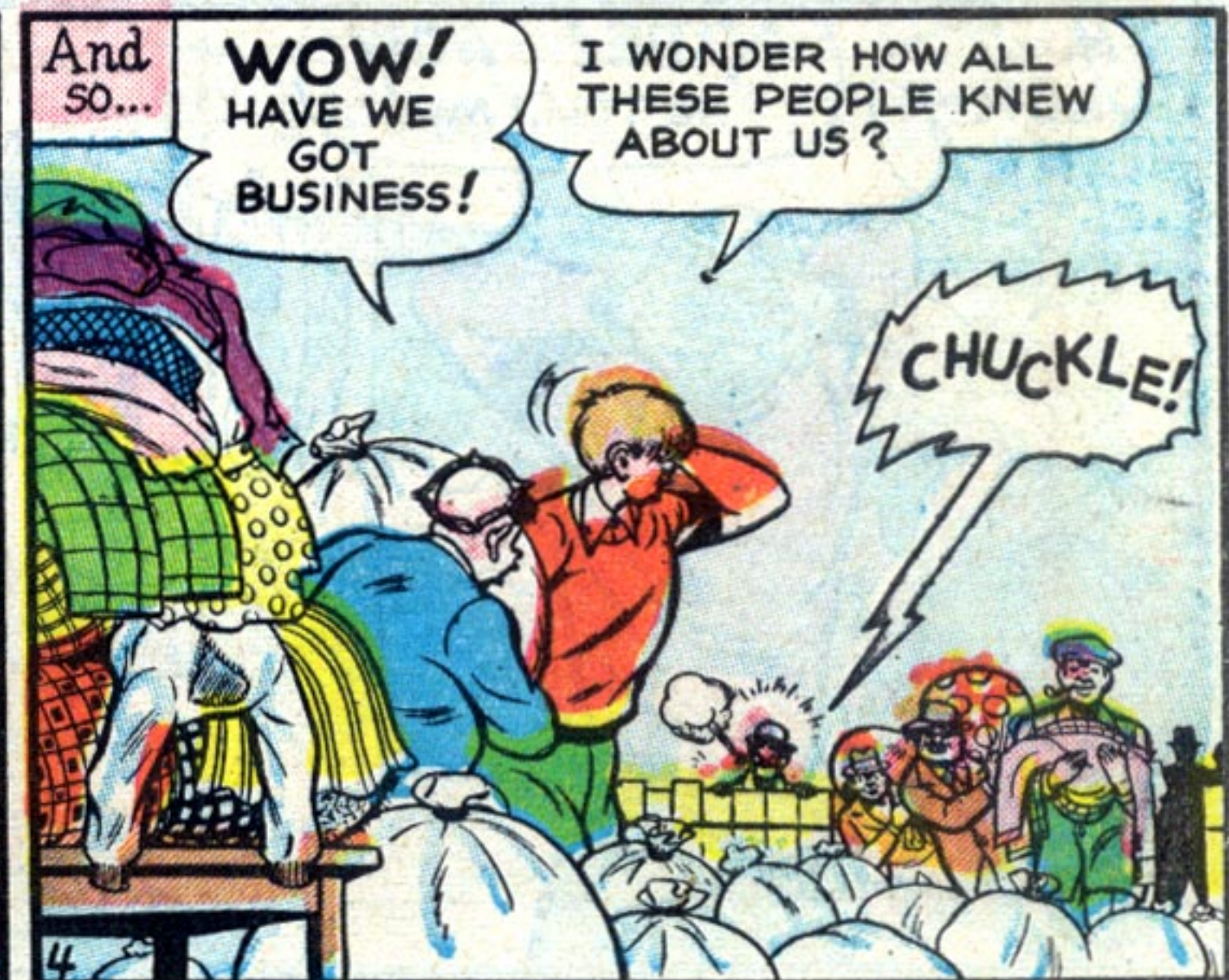
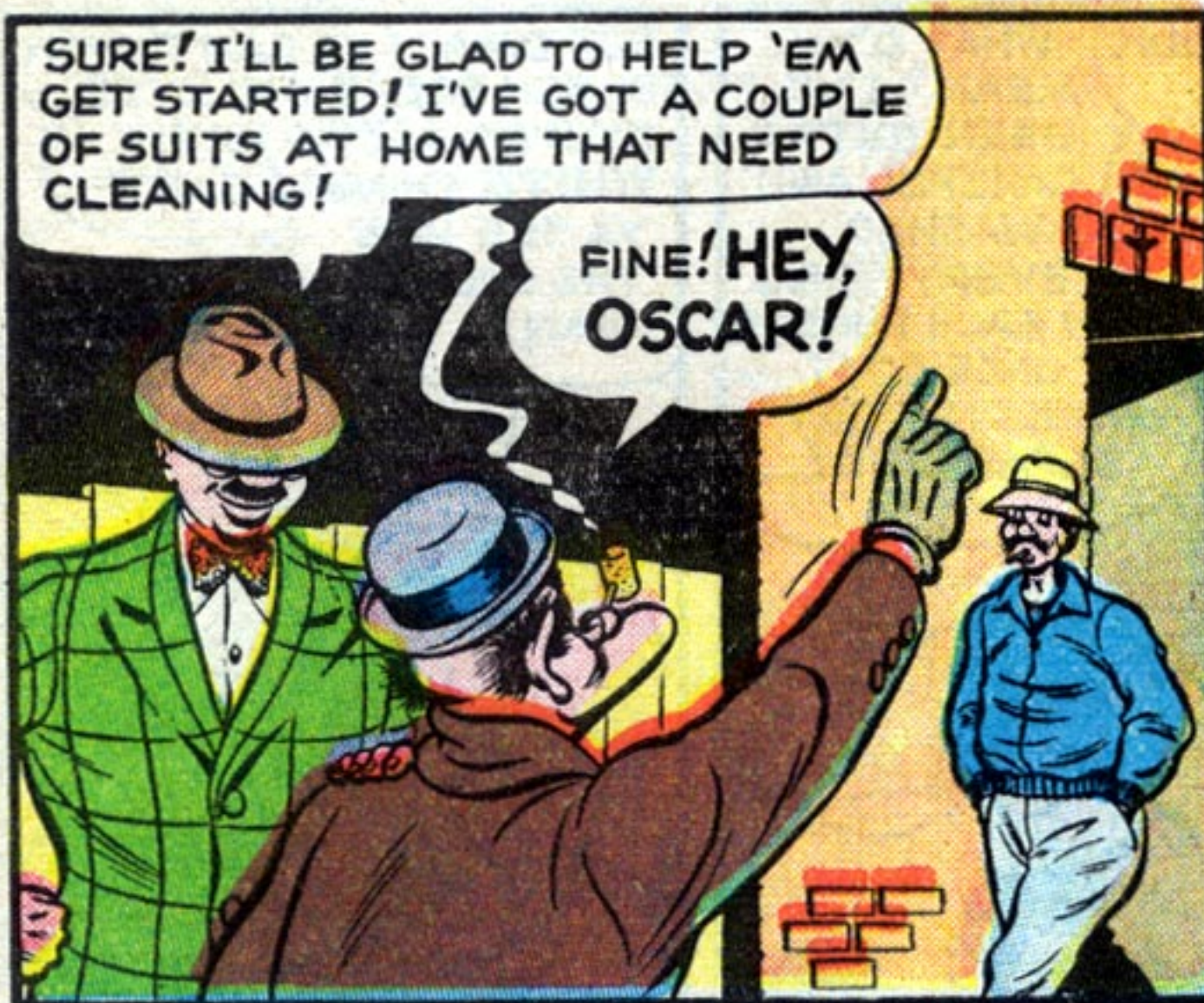
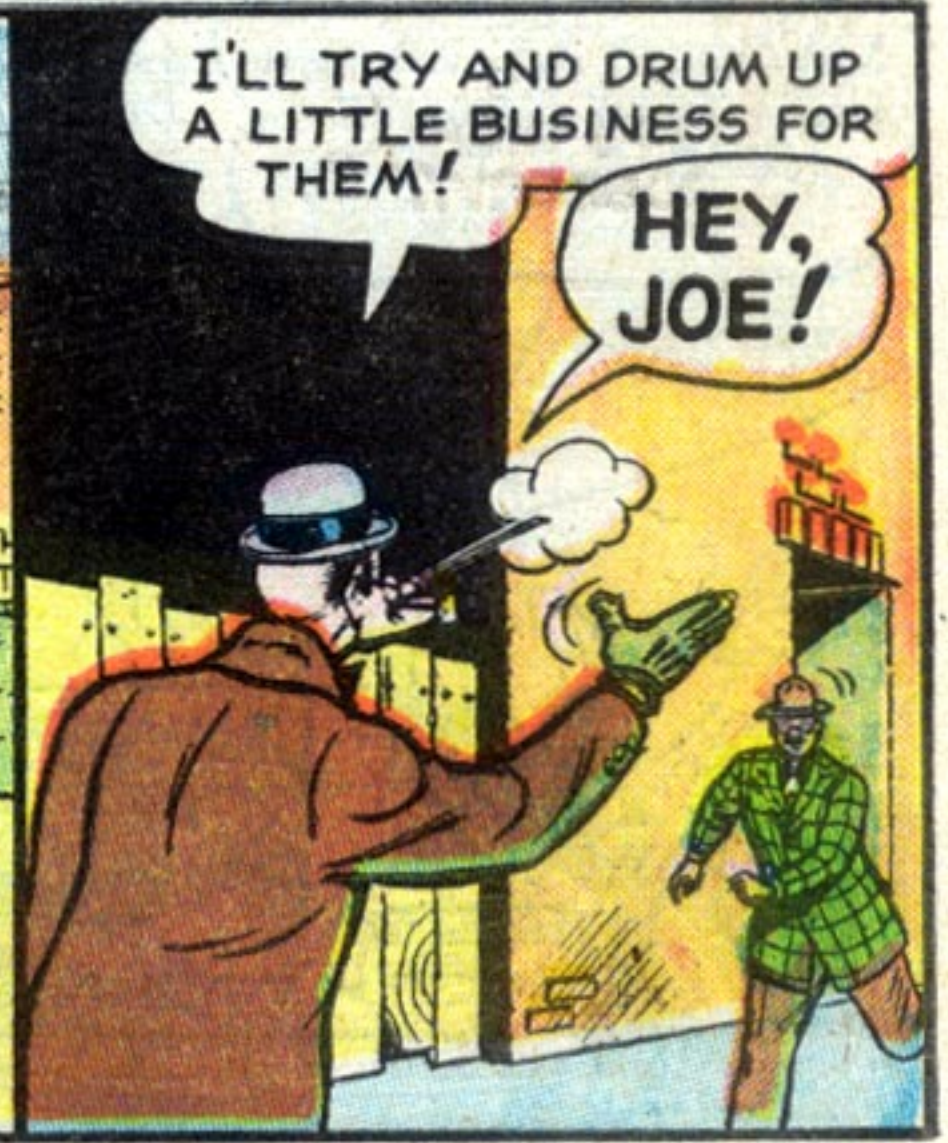
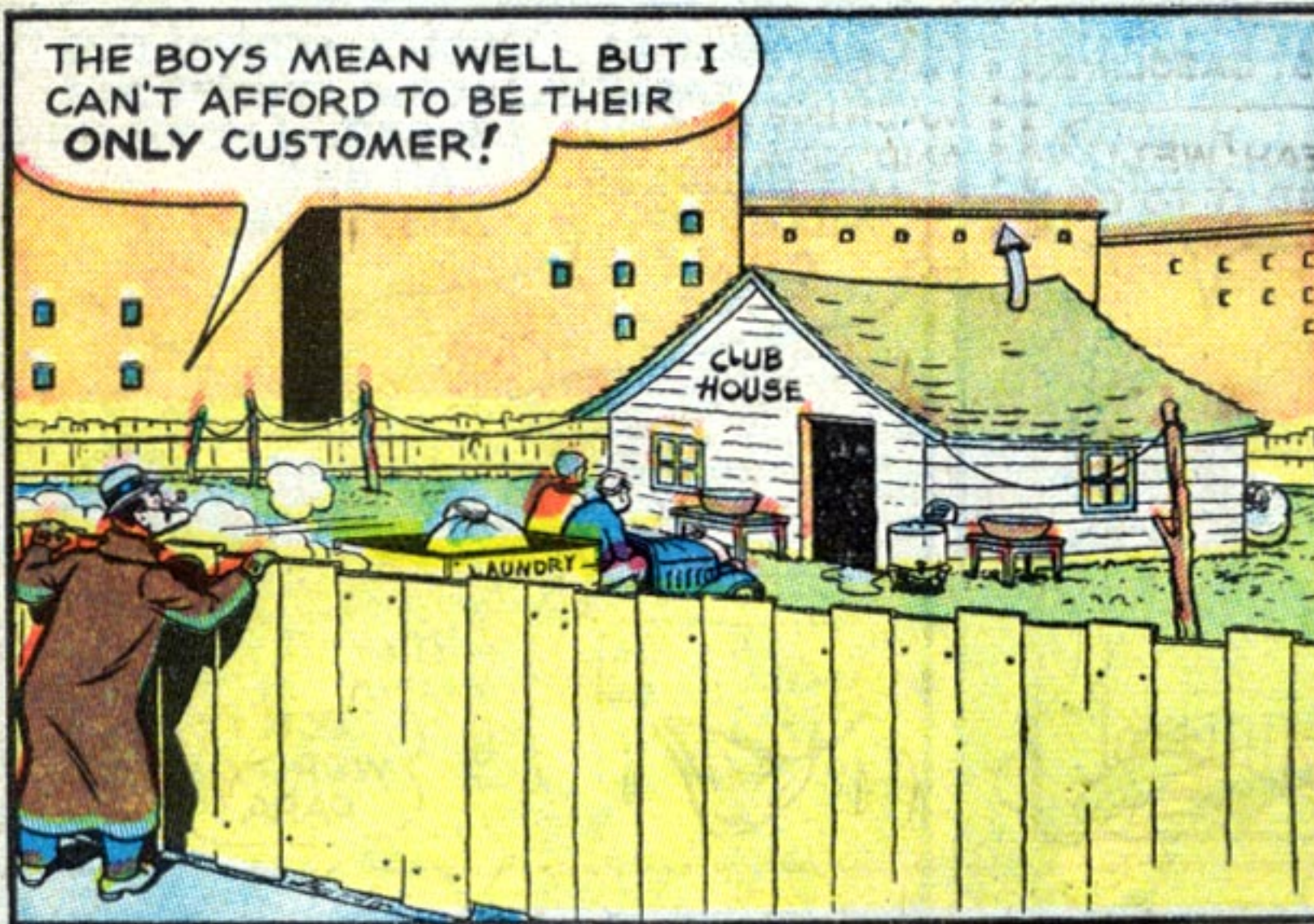
OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO! THIS IS YOUR LAUNDRY!

YOUR WIFE WAS SO NICE TO US, GIVING US YOUR WASHING MACHINE, THAT WE WANTED TO CHARGE YOU A SPECIAL LOW RATE!

BUT LIKE YOU SAY, PAPA, WE GOTTA MAKE MONEY! FIFTEEN BUCKS IT IS... IN ADVANCE!







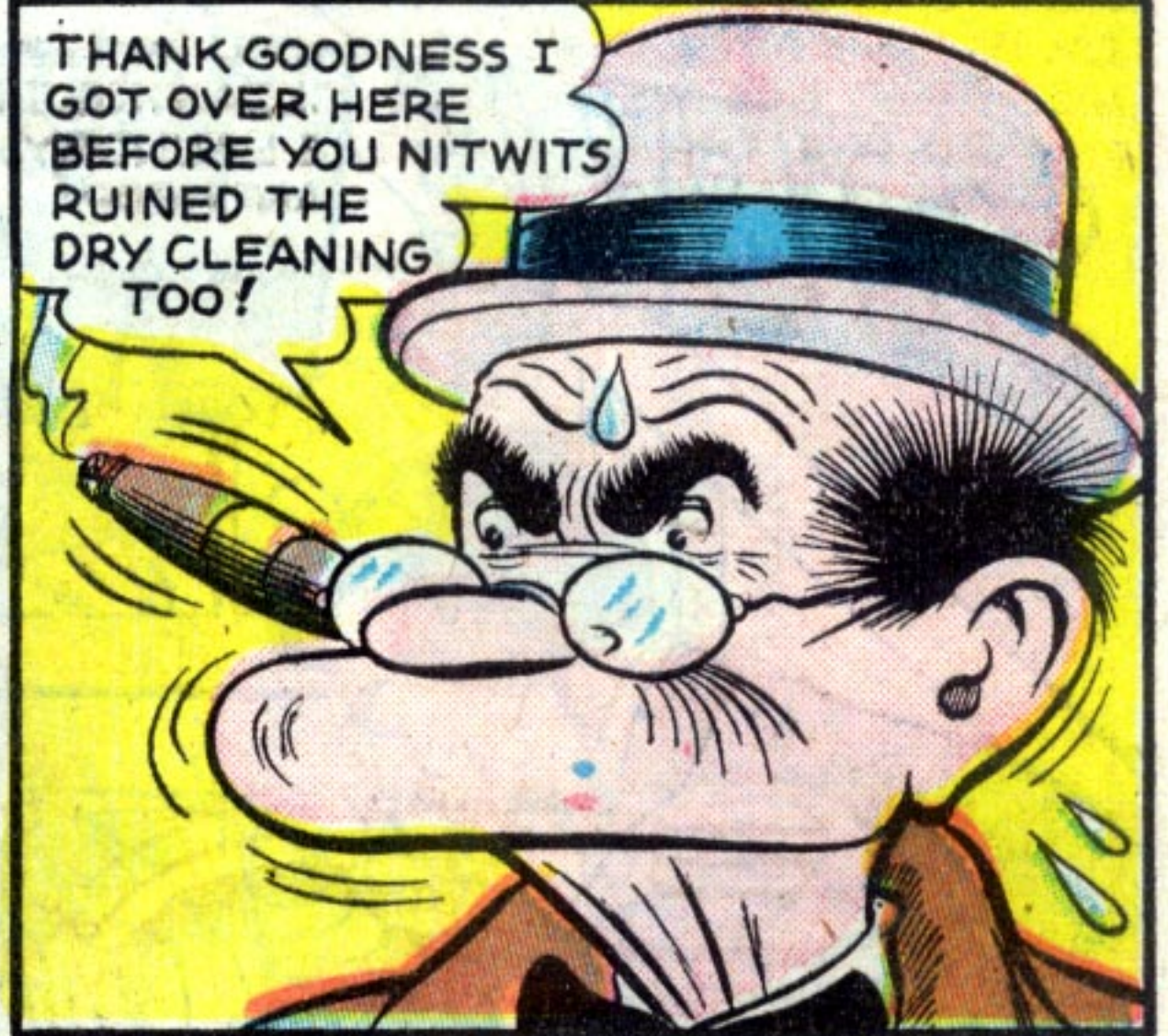


GEE WHIZ, OMAR, IT'S GONNA TAKE ALL THE PROFIT FROM OUR DRY CLEANING TO PAY FOR THE LAUNDRY YOU'VE RUINED."

I'LL SAY IT IS!



THANK GOODNESS I GOT OVER HERE BEFORE YOU NITWITS RUINED THE DRY CLEANING TOO!



YOU BOYS NEED AN EXPERIENCED MAN LIKE ME TO SUPERVISE THE WORK AND KEEP YOU OUTTA TROUBLE!

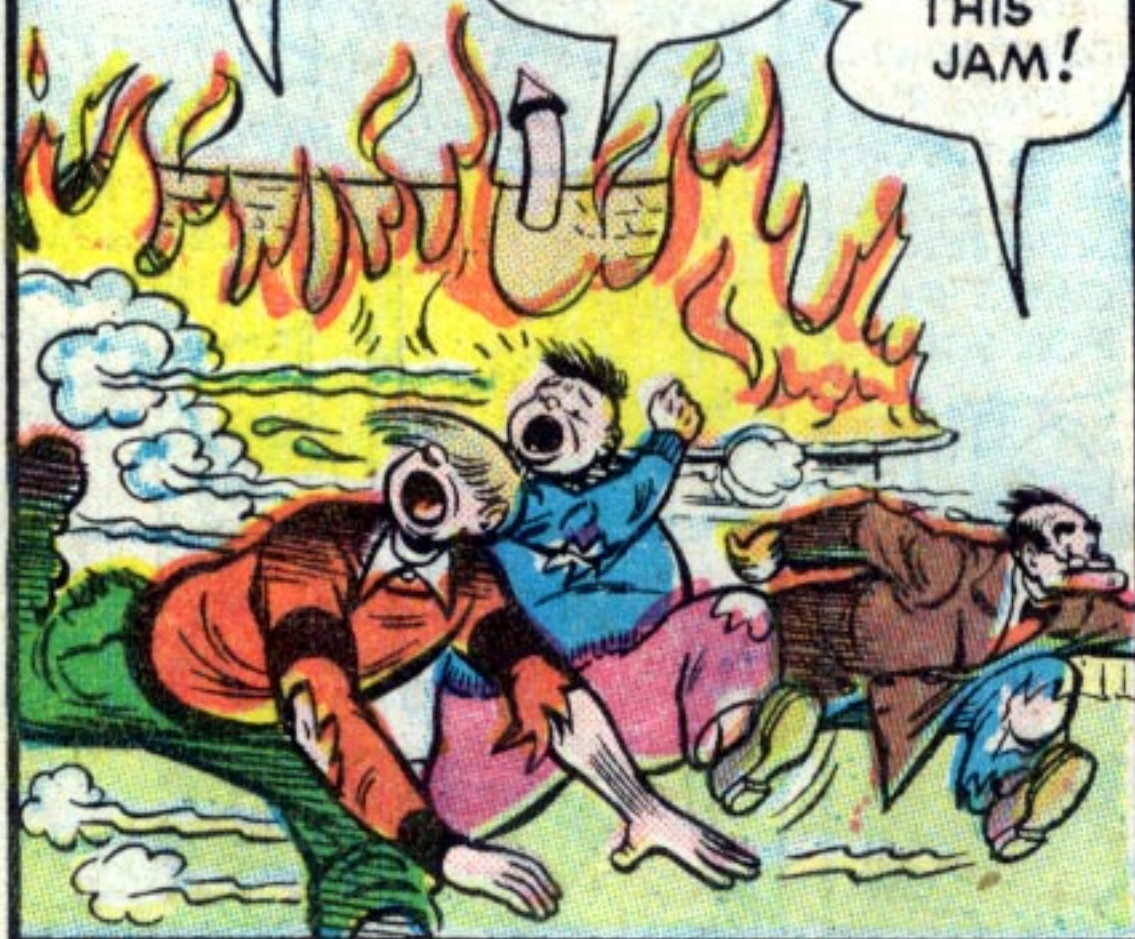
PAPA! YOUR CIGAR! THAT'S GASOLINE!



SOB! THERE GOES OUR DRY-CLEANING PLANT!

AND ALL THE CLOTHES!

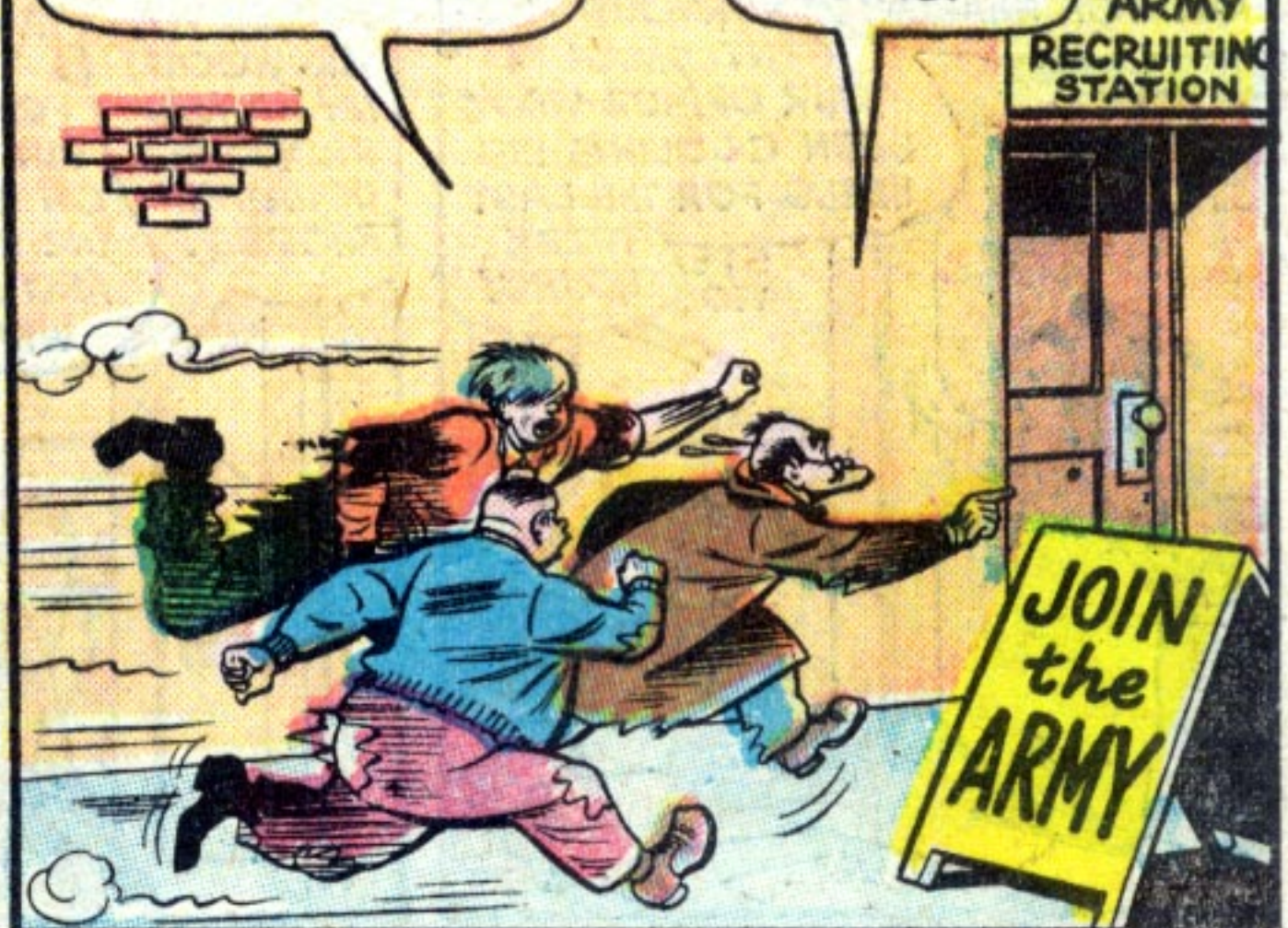
DON'T WORRY, BOYS! I'LL GET YOU OUTTA THIS JAM!



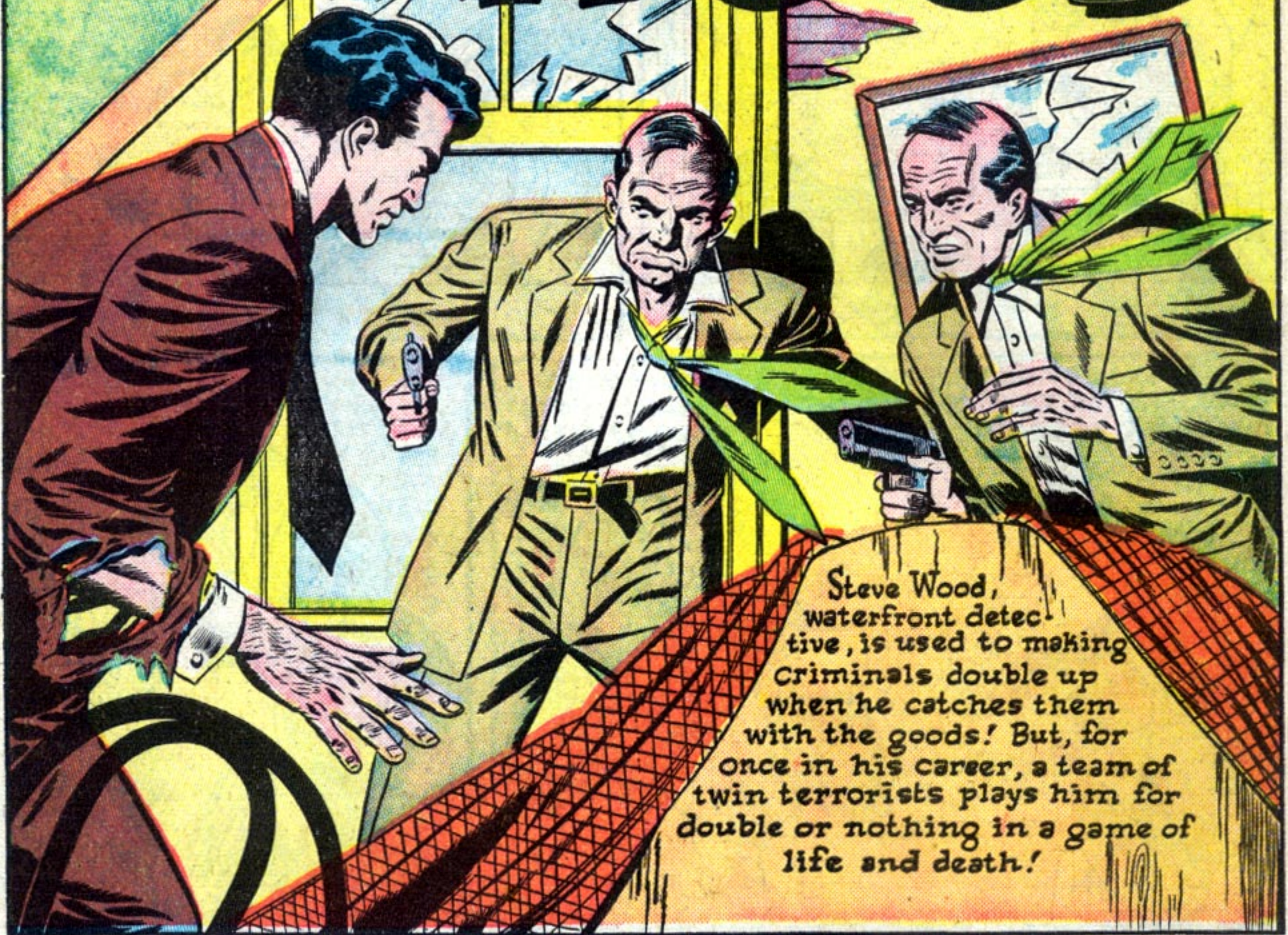
WHAT'S THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO AFRICA...OR THE NORTH POLE?

RIGHT THROUGH THIS DOOR! WE'RE ALL GOING!

ARMY RECRUITING STATION



STEVE WOOD



Steve Wood, waterfront detective, is used to making criminals double up when he catches them with the goods! But, for once in his career, a team of twin terrorists plays him for double or nothing in a game of life and death!



GOOD MORNING, MY CHARMING ROSE OF SHARON! NEVER MIND THE BLARNEY, BOSS! THERE'S A NERVOUS GENTLEMAN IN YOUR OFFICE WHO'S BEEN COOLING HIS HEELS FOR THE LAST THREE HOURS!

STEVE WOOD
PRIVATE

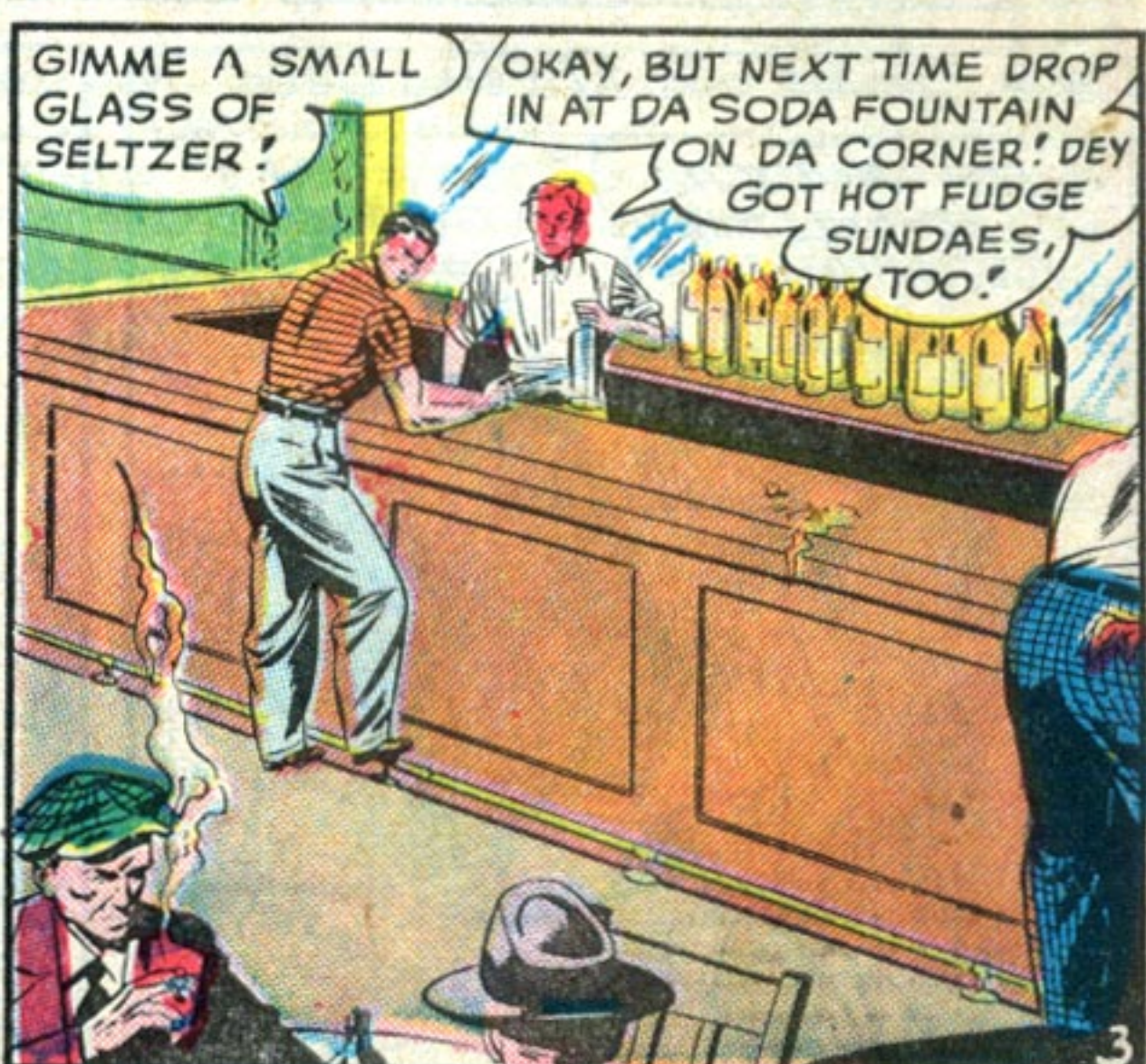


I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO SEE YOU, MR. WOOD! MY NAME'S RHODES... COURTNEY RHODES! PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. RHODES! IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, YOU'RE THE BANK PRESIDENT WHO PUT THE FINGER ON STICKER LATCH, THE BANK ROBBER AND MURDERER! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



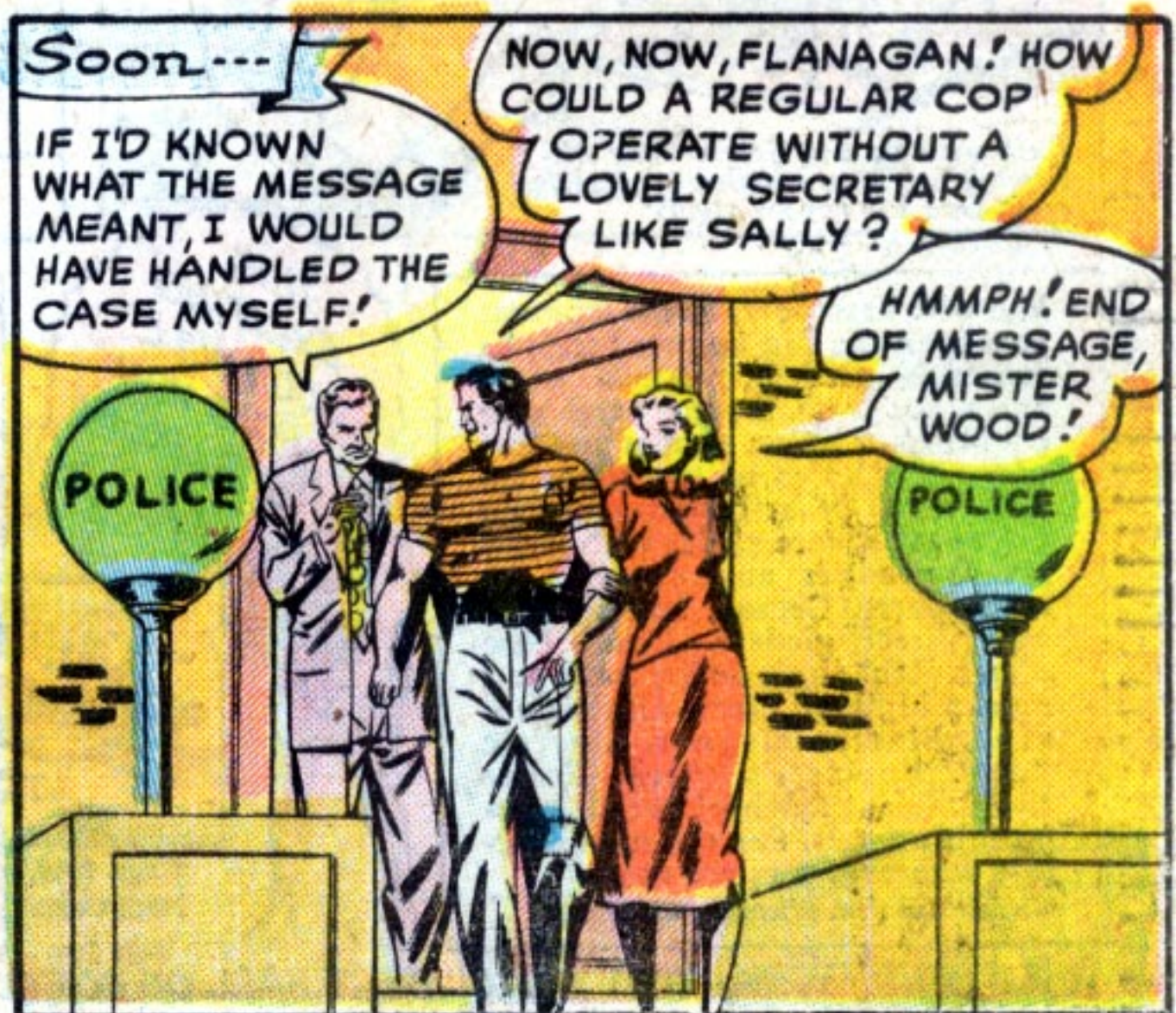
WELL, AS YOU KNOW, LATCH THREATENED TO KILL ME AFTER HE WAS SENTENCED TO A LIFE STRETCH! I HAVE RECEIVED A PHONE CALL FROM LATCH! WH...?! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HOW COULD HE PHONE YOU FROM PRISON?











BOYS!

Look at all
the
Spectacular
Buzz-With-
Action
Models you can build
with

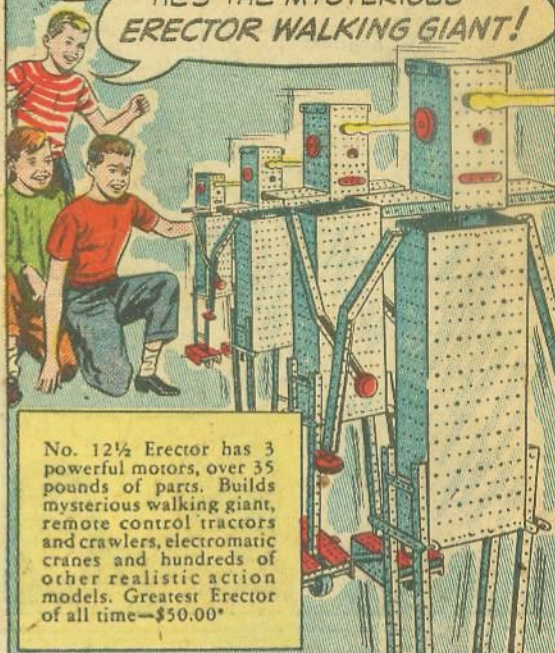
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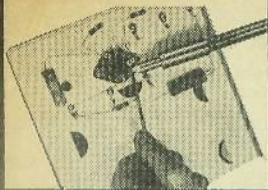
Street.....

City.....State.....

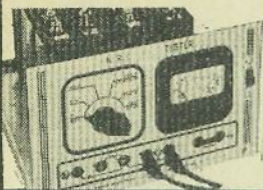
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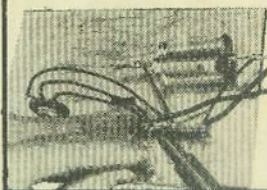
YOU PRACTICE Radio soldering, mounting, connecting with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



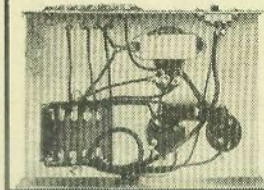
YOU BUILD this Tester that soon helps you **EARN EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



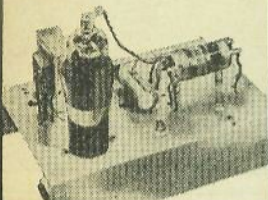
YOU BUILD special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



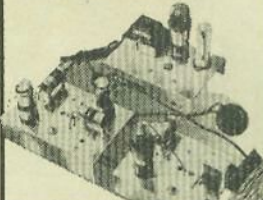
YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.



YOU PRACTICE with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.

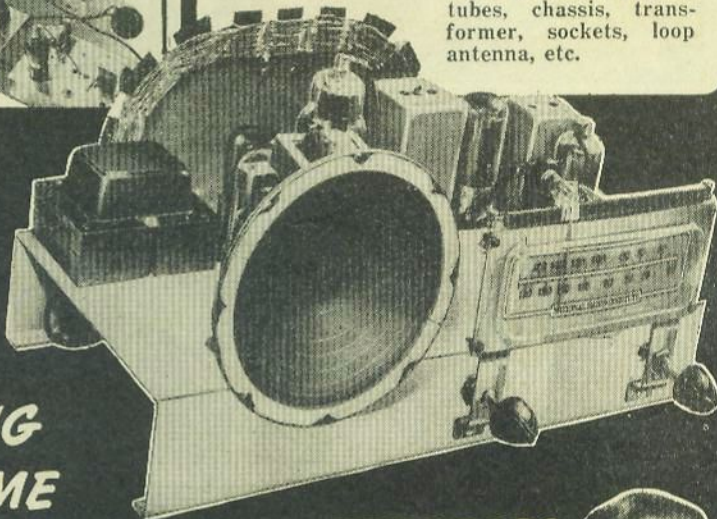


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VETERANS

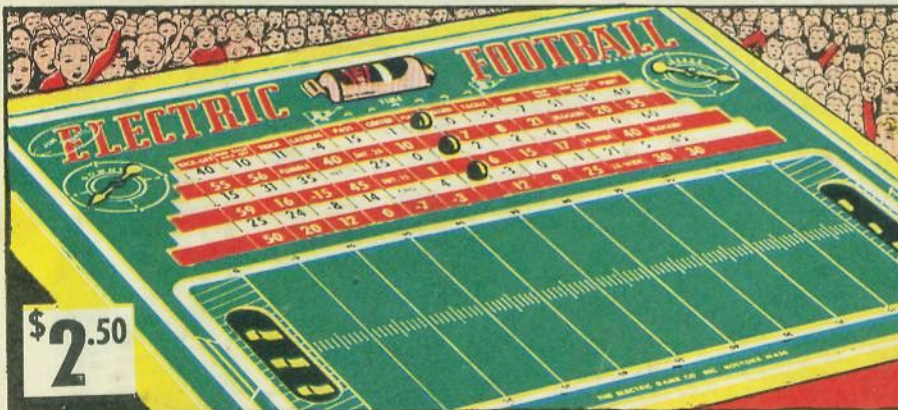
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